

Chorus.

For thee, sinner, calling for  
thee,  
Saviour is calling, is calling for  
thee.

Far to the Fountain, yet not yet  
plunged in,  
Far, but unwilling to let go your  
sin.

Up in before you, will you not  
come too?  
Saviour is calling, is calling for  
you.

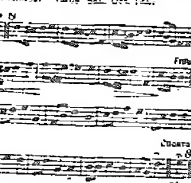
Or that thou hearest him saying  
to thee,  
Wilt thou, poor sinner, I should  
do for thee?  
Up, My life for the soul that was  
lost,  
Come and get down at the foot of  
the cross!"

Is it, my brother, that's keeping  
you back?  
Is it makes Christ say, "There's  
one thing you lack?"  
Once every idol, though dear it  
may be,  
Come to the Saviour, He's calling  
or thee.

#### SOLO OF THE WEEK.

#### WE MAKE YOUR CHOICE

2 parts, great voices or contraltos  
(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass)



Life is ever on the wing,  
How soon the months and years  
go by!  
We look 't his but a dream,  
Swiftly do the moments fly,  
Singing souls no power can stay,  
Its tide bears us away  
Great deep and shoreless sea,  
A vast eternity!

Chorus.

Eternity!  
Will you spend eternity?  
Heaven or hell for you and me,  
Make your choice—which shall  
be?

Red, foolish hearts are wrong,  
Swallowed by this world's  
in show,  
Red glare and dazzling gold,  
Lead to death and endless woe,  
A day will soon be o'er,  
Goes gone for evermore:  
Too late your sin to see  
You wake in eternity.

Are few things that will win  
Or like your true sympathy  
Now.

#### D. and Q. Province.

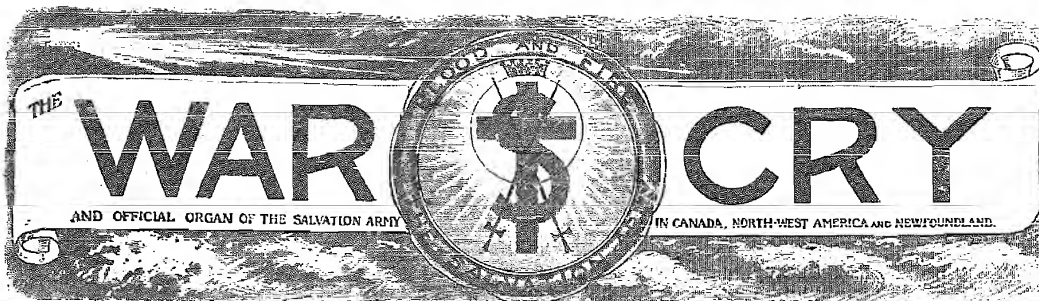
##### MAJOR TURNER

Trenton, Tues., May 7; Gan-  
Wed., May 8; Brockville,  
May 9; Montreal, Fri., May  
e, Vt., Sat. and Sun., May  
Burlington, Mon., May 13;  
s, Tues., May 14; Montreal  
May 15; Montreal Vt., Sun.,  
Cornwall, Thurs., May 20;  
s, Fri., May 21; Ogdons-  
May 25; Prescott, Sun.,  
Kemptville, Mon., May 27.

#### astern Province.

##### RIGADIER SHARP

Freeport, Fri., May 10; Yar-  
t., and Sun., May 11, 12;  
rbor, Mon., May 13; Digby,  
y 14; Woodstock, Thurs.,  
oulton, Fri., May 17; Fred-  
t. and Sun., May 18, 19.



17th Year, No. 33

WILLIAM BOOTH  
General

TORONTO, MAY 18, 1901.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
Comptroller.

Price, 5 Cents



"IF ANY MAN WILL COME AFTER ME, LET HIM DENY HIMSELF, AND TAKE UP HIS CROSS DAILY AND FOLLOW ME."

—See article page 12.



## \* HEROES OF THE CROSS. \*

### VII.—ASAAD SHIDIAC, THE SYRIAN MARTYR.



The temperate triumph.  
 Passion precludes peace.  
 Only tempered steel can cut.  
 Better death than soul-defeat.  
 Self-restrained, strength gained.  
 The intemperate become the tearful.  
 The self-mastered life masters the world.  
 None but the temperate man can enjoy himself.  
 Christ is our master when we master ourself.  
 To know the worst is one way whereby to better it.  
 We know what we are; we know not what we may be.  
 He who cannot deny himself will surely deny his Lord.  
 He who cannot control himself cannot control others.  
 Temperance touches the temper as well as the wine glass.  
 True temperance is not a hobby in one respect, but a rule of life.  
 Happiness lies in many places. Each finds it in a different place.  
 The rule of self-obedience to the right will bring all things into order.  
 No heresy is so fatal as discontent. It is a denial of the first article of the Creed.  
 He who would be strong in his own soul must keep his spirit in control.  
 What we have always seen done in one way we are apt to imagine there was but that one way.  
 In the history of the passions of each, but an heart is a world to itself. Its experience profits no man.  
 Believe me, upon the margin of celestial streams alone those simples grow which cure the heartache.  
 Experience has been called the most eloquent of preachers; but, unfortunately, she never has a large congregation.  
 Satan is satisfied to have us abstain from strong drink if he can only make us intemperate in some other respects.  
 In life it is difficult to say who does the most mischief—enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.  
 True contentment depends not on what we have. A tub was large enough for Florence; but a world too little for Alexander.  
 Daniel denied himself a present pleasure for the sake of future power. Everyone with foresight sees the necessity for stern self-denial.  
 Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.  
 Practical wisdom consists in saying the obvious thing at the right time. True courage consists in doing the obvious thing in an emergency.

It may be well to turn to the land of our Lord's ministry, and of the martyr Ignatius, for a new example of the martyr spirit. Few Christians, even among the more intelligent, know that there ever was such a man as Asaad Esh Shidiac, or how pathetically and heroically he sealed his testimony with his blood; yet there are few more touching examples of fidelity to the Lord Jesus to be found in our century, or in all the centuries.

Syria has been the boiling caldron of agitation for centuries. Jerusalem early became the Mecca of Christian pilgrims, and the ascetic spirit, with its worship of sacred places and relics, made monasteries spring up like mushrooms. Then came the Arab and the Mosque of Omar was built on the site of the temple of God, and Islam won many Syrians to its ranks. Then came the Crusaders, and the Maronites in 1182 founded an alliance with the Romish Church, and in 1445, at the Council of Florence, were taken entirely under the wing of the Papacy. When Protestantism came into this land, in the third decade of this century, it found

Moslem, Oriental, and Papal Faiths already seething in this caldron of antagonistic religious systems, and the commotion became more intense and violent.

Rev. Philip Fisk and Levi Parsons landed at Smyrna in 1819, and four years later Mr. Fisk and Dr. Jonas King were spending the summer on Mount Lebanon, and a little later made Beirut their working centre. In the same year Rev. Wm. Goodell and Rev. Isaac Bird, with their wives, landed at that city, and the work of Protestant missions had a fair start. Death made awful havoc in this little missionary band. Mr. Parsons died at Alexandria in 1822, whether he had gone in search of health. Mr. Fisk had gone with him, and after kissing his dying lips had returned, to follow his friend to the land of the immortal. Two years later, he wrote, with his dying hand, a letter to Jonas King, and breathed his last words into the ears of his brethren, and then passed away, mourned over even by weeping Arabs themselves.

But God was not dead, and the work moved on, though there two pioneer missionaries had passed away with their work scarce begun. As the first quarter of the century closed there was

A Great Wave of Spiritual Blessing moving over Syria—the same mighty Power that brought at the first Pentecost at Jerusalem, and afterwards in Samaria, and Caesarea, and Antioch, was again at work. Men were pricked in their hearts and began to come to the missionaries and ask, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" They felt that their own religious systems were hollow and shallow, and could not meet their needs. Even their orthodoxy was dead orthodoxy, the body without the spirit.

There was another respect in which pentecostal history repeated itself; there was a great persecution, which scattered true believers abroad. In 1828 the red right hand of bloody violence was bared, and during this second quarter century the spirit of open

resistance raged, and interfered with all missionary work in Syria. The Sultan issued his firman to all the pashas of Western Asia, forbidding the circulation of the word of God; there were political and warlike agitations, the schools of Beirut, Tripoli, and elsewhere were forcibly closed, the missionaries withdrew to Malta to wait for the storm to blow over; and Maronite converts had to face death like the martyrs of the earlier centuries.

Asaad Shidiac, the secretary of the Maronite patriarch, was afterwards tutor to Jonas King, and as such, employed to copy that last letter of Philip Fisk's, to which reference has been made. And he attempted to answer it, but as he got to the last page of his reply.

Like a Flash of Lightning the Truth Struck Him.

and he saw that he was not dealing candidly with holy things. He was setting himself against both reason and conscience, and closing his eyes to the higher teaching of the Spirit. He was too honest, intellectually, to hold fast an error when he clearly saw it to be an error; and he was forced to acknowledge it and surrender to the truth as now revealed to him.

The heart makes the theology; and it is the heart which makes faith and obedience possible or impossible. Asaad Shidiac gave up his rebellious attitude toward God, and told the patriarch he was wrong and must forsake his error. The patriarch tried persuasion, wrote him enticing epistles and sent him manditory messages; promised him promotion, and offered him bribes, to hush his conscience; then he threatened him with excommunication and all other terrors which the church could wield. But to all of them this humble disciple replied, "None of these things move me."

Then Asaad Shidiac's marriage contract was annulled, but he gave up the solace of a wife's love for the love of Christ. Then a score of his relatives turned against him and his foes became those of his own household. They gave him into the patriarch's hands, who cast him into prison. He was shut up in a cell, loaded with chains, and daily tortured. Visitors reviled and mocked him, spat in his face, as they had outraged his Master, his own kindred joining in the persecution. Once, leading him out, they placed before him an image of the Virgin and a brazier of burning coals, bidding him choose which he would kiss. He crossed the fire coals to his lips, and with blistered and blackened mouth was marched back to his cell.

At length

He was Built up in a Wall,

with no aperture but a small hole large enough to get breath and food enough to keep him alive, but his life was prolonged only to prolong his sufferings. He starved to a skeleton. But his mind was not waned about nor his heart starved, and his heroic faith defied them to separate him from his Lord. They killed the body indeed, but after that, and indeed before that, had no more that they could do. The Lord had led him into the clear light of His truth and they could not quench that light. He had given him the liberty of a son of God, and they could not put upon him the old yoke of bondage. And so, in 1828, passed away Asaad Esh Shidiac, and Jesus, the greatest of the Syrian martyrs, had another, the Maronite of Lebanon, to follow in his train.—Arthur T. Pierson.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It has been estimated that there are one million three hundred thousand lepers in the world, of which China has the largest number, Japan stands second, India third.

On the brink of a creek in India and there is—used to be—a little shrine containing this inscription, intended to help travelers: "When this time is out of sight, it is not safe to ford the river."

It is asserted that liquid air has twenty times the explosive force of dynamite. During experiments at Vienna, in the firing of cannon, the liquid air was exploded by an electric spark, and the results were extremely satisfactory. No heat was developed in the guns, and the range of the projectiles was much increased.

A new crane at the Baldwin Locomotive works will lift a locomotive weighing one hundred and ninety thousand pounds to a height of thirty feet, carry it three hundred and thirty-six feet and set it down again, in three minutes and thirty-six seconds.

The average length of life is shorter in Norway than in any other country on the globe.

The following inscription was found in an old Bible: "When thou readest what thou art to write, Let thy best practice second it. So twice each precept read shall be. First in ye books, and next in thee."

There once was in the Hawaiian Islands, it is said, a spot called the Rock of Refuge. A criminal who reached the rock before capture was safe so long as he remained there. His family usually supplied him with food until he could escape, but he was never allowed to return to his own tribe.

Blood—the blood travels through its vessels (arteries, etc.) in the human body at the rate of seven miles per hour—a good horse-gait—in the blood counts up a record of two miles per day, or 61,200 miles a year.

### HABITS.

Like flakes of snow that fall in perceptual upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed; no single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change, but the single action creates, however small, may exhibit, a man's character, just as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and everywhere the inhabitant and his habitation, as passion, attitude upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.—Jeremy Bentham.

### PERPETUATING THEIR MEMORY.

There is an oriental story of two brothers, Ahmed and Omar. They both wished to perform a deed whose memory would not fade, for which, as the years rolled on, might sound their name and praises far abroad. Omar, with wedge and mallet, lifted a great obelisk on his back, carving its form in a beautiful device, and sculpturing many a strange inscription on its sides. Ahmed, with deeper wisdom and true though sadder heart, dugged a well to cheer the sandy waste, and planted about it tall date palms, to make cool shade for the thirsty pilgrim.

Commenting on this, J. R. Miller says that these two deeds illustrate two ways, in either of which we may live. We may think of self and worldly success and fame, living to make a name splendid as the tall sculptured obelisk, but as cold and useless to the world. Or we may make our life like a well in the desert, with cool shade about it, to give drink to the thirsty and shelter to the faint.

## SELF-DENIAL WEEK,

May 26th to June 2nd, 1901.



## PILGRIM'S PROGRESS A SALVATION ARMY VERSION.

By CAPTAIN COTTERFIELD.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### The Palace of Holiness.

So I saw in my dream that he made haste and went forward, that, if possible, he might get lodging there. But before he had gone far he entered a narrow passage, which was some distance from the porter's lodge, and, looking before him, he saw two lions in the way. They were chained, but he did not notice this.

Then was he afraid, and had a mind to run from what seemed to him the greatest danger. But the porter, Sergeant Come-to-Stay, seeing that Christian hesitated, cried: "Come along, my brother; fear not the lions, for they are chained. They are placed there to try the faith of God's chosen sheep, and to frighten away the goats. Keep in the middle of the path, and the lions will not harm you."

Then I saw that Christian went on, still trembling; but as he heeded the Sergeant's directions, he safely passed the lions.

Then he clapped his hands for joy, and went on until he stood before the gate where the porter was. Then said Christian: "Sir, what palace is this? and may I lodge here to-night?" The porter answered: "This place was built by the Lord of the Hill for the use of pilgrims only. Unless they come and take for the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, according to God's direction, how can they expect that 'signs shall follow,' according to the promise that was given?"

He then asked who he was, and where he was going, and why he had come so late. So Christian answered all these questions, not excusing himself in the least, but praising the Lord for having brought him thus far on his journey.

Then Sergt. Come-to-Stay, the porter, sounded a few notes on his cornet, when there came out of the palace a beautiful lassie, named

#### Sister Consecration.

dressed in white. She met him with a smile, and bade him make himself at home as one of the family. She also enquired of his health and journey, and tears came to her eyes as he related to her his fears and difficulties, defeats and victories.

After a little while she said: "I will call two or three more of the family." So she ran to the door and called out Sisters Faith, Hope, and Love, who, meeting him at the entrance of the palace, said: "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; this place was built for such as you." Then he bowed his head and followed them inside, where they gave him some milk to drink until supper was ready, and entered into the following conversation with him:

FAITH: "Come, Brother Christian, since the Lord has brought you safely here, let us converse together in a way that shall be profitable."

CHRISTIAN: "With all my heart. I believe that God will speak to me through you."

FAITH: "Of course you know at this present moment that you are saved?"

CHRISTIAN: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see; I was dead, but am alive. I am a brand plucked from the fire—so I must know."

FAITH: "And do you believe that God is willing and able to do as much more for you as He has done already?"

CHRISTIAN: "Yes; much as He has done for me, I feel that I shall be able to do as much more, unless I allow Him to do ever so much more."

FAITH: "What makes you think so?"

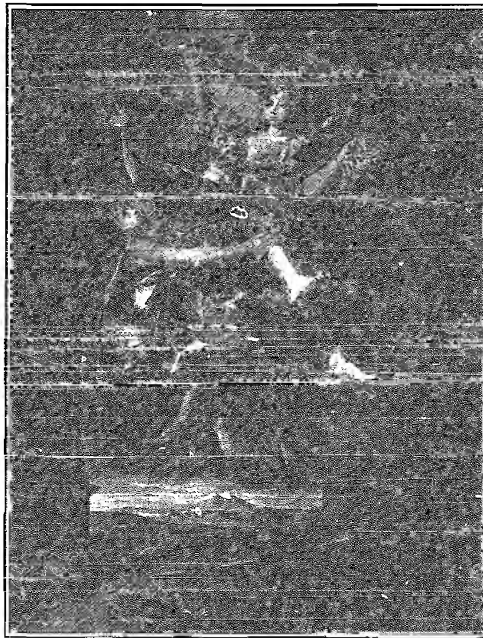
CHRISTIAN: "In a great measure from reading the Roll that was given to me. A spiritual state is described therein to which I have not yet attained. For instance, it speaks of being perfect, filled with the fulness of God, of being hid with Christ in God, of being dead to sin,

of being holy and unblameable, sanctified and made meet for the Master's use. These are spiritual attainments to which I am at present a stranger. My Roll again speaks of 'perfect peace,' which, had I received, I would not have been disturbed by the lions, nor have thought of running back. Do you think, Sister Faith, that I can grow into this spiritual faith?"

FAITH: "A plant may grow in a garden, but not be able to grow in it. The blessing of a clean heart—or the second blessing, as it is sometimes called—is received by an act of faith, when the necessary conditions are complied with."

Then Sister Hope took up the thread of the conversation.

HOPE: "Are you willing to be a fool for Christ's sake; to have no will of your own; to please not yourself, but in deed, as well as word, to follow in His footsteps?"



"I have Fought a Good Fight, I have Finished My Course, I have Kept the Faith: Henceforth there is Laid Up for Me a Crown of Righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall Give Me."

Do You Desire the CROWN?

Then DENY Yourself and take up the CROSS!

Your OPPORTUNITY will be During SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

CHRISTIAN: "I am willing."

HOPE: "Are you also willing to be deemed peculiar in all your movements, in your dress, conversation, habits, likes and dislikes, knowing that the world will misunderstand you, revile you and separate themselves from you?"

CHRISTIAN: "I am willing, and, in a measure, have begun this lonely walk, having no higher ambition than to follow in the footsteps of Him Who was despised and rejected of men."

HOPE: "Are you willing to give up doubtful things—by which I mean things not considered sinful by people of the world (and even by some Christians), but things which nevertheless are embraced in this text: 'Whosoever is not of faith is sin.' Among these I may mention foolish

jesting, novel reading, worldly pleasures, drinking, smoking and chewing of tobacco, the wearing of ornaments and the following of the fashion of this world."

CHRISTIAN: "Most of these things have I already given up, and am determined to know nothing among men save Christ and Him crucified. All that I do shall be for the glory of God, cost what it may. I will do nothing that I cannot pray over, or ask God's blessing on."

#### Blessings Are for Use.

HOPE: "And will you remember that God's richest blessings are not given to those who would use them selfishly, but are intended for those who are willing to witness daily and hourly of His power to save and keep?"

CHRISTIAN: "May I never forget, as I go along life's journey."

HOPE: "If you do not gather souls for God, you scatter them. But before you can be a soul-winner you must yourself be filled with the fulness of God. And this sort cometh not but by prayer and fasting. Do you understand it?"

CHRISTIAN: "It is being made plain to me now."

Then said Sister Love to Chris-



CHRISTIAN: "Yes, and often, too, for they were very dear to me."

LOVE: "But did you tell them of your own sorrow, and fear of coming destruction?"

CHRISTIAN: "Yes, over and over, and over again. They saw my tears in my face, in my tears and my trembling, but all this was not sufficient to make them come with me."

LOVE: "But what did they say for themselves—what reason did they give for refusing to come?"

CHRISTIAN: "Why, my wife was afraid of

#### Losing Her Social Position

and my children were given to card playing and the like."

LOVE: "But did you not, with your vain life, contradict all that you by words used by way of persuasion to bring them away with you?"

CHRISTIAN: "Indeed, I cannot excuse the life I then lived, for I tried to be good, but to fail. Still, I became a Christian. Endeavour, until they began to say that I was too precise for them, and that I denied myself of things in which they saw no evil."

LOVE: "Cain hated his brother because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous. So that if your wife and children have been offended with you because of this, they have hardened their hearts against what is good, but you have delivered your soul from their blood."

I saw in my dream that they sat talking together until supper was ready. Then they sat down and partook of bread that was well refined, honey, and wine that was indeed the juice of the grape. All their talk at the table was about the Lord of the Hill: of what He had done and could do, of His power, His love and His holiness. How that He had been a great warrior, and had fought with and slain him who had the power of death. But not without great danger to Himself, which made them love Him all the more. For He did it with the loss of much blood; but what put the glory of grace into all He did was that He did it out of Pure Love to His Country and People.

Even out of love to His enemies. They also spoke of how He had stripped Himself of His glory, so that He might seek and save that which was lost; and how He had declared that it would be no satisfaction for Him to dwell in Mount Zion alone. They said, moreover, that He had made many pilgrim princes, though by nature they were born beggars and had lived in the slums of a wicked city.

So they conversed together until late at night, and after they had rested and proved their retired to rest. They directed Christian to a large upper bedroom, whose window opened toward the east. The name by which the room was known was Perfect Peace. So he slept there until the sun rose the next morning, when he awoke and sang:

"Peace, peace, wonderful peace!

"Peace, peace, wonderful peace!

It flows like a river for ever and ever.

Oh, what a wonderful peace!"

(To be continued.)



# SELF-DENIAL: WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."—Matthew xvi. 24.

It is a striking thought that Self-Denial is, perhaps, the only service that a man can render to God without the aid or co-operation of some what or someone outside himself. No matter what he does—except, perhaps, to pray, which would hardly be included in the idea of service—he is more or less dependent upon either the assistance or presence of others. If, for example, he speaks or sings for God, whether in public or in private, he must have hearers; if he writes, it is that he may have readers; if he teaches, he needs scholars; if he distributes gifts, there must be receivers of his charity; if he leads souls to Christ, these souls must be willing to come; if he suffers persecution, there must be persecutors; or if, like Stephen, he is called to die for his Lord, there must be those who stone him, and those who

Stand by Consenting to His Death.

A few moments' consideration will, I think, also show, that even in the sphere of our personal spiritual experience, it is very much the same. We can, after all, do little for ourselves. Salvation comes to men through human instrumentality, and seldom apart from it. We are, I know, saved by faith; but how shall we believe unless we hear? and how shall we hear without a preacher? That instruction on the things of God, which is a necessity for every true child of God, comes almost invariably by the agency and experiences of others. The joys and consolation of fellowship can only be the result of communion with the saints. In spiritual things, as in ordinary affairs, it is the countenance of his friend which quickens and brightens the tired toiler as "iron sharpeneth iron." And though it is true that God can, and often does, wonderfully reach and inspire His people without the direct aid of any human agency, it is equally true that He generally does so by the employment of His word, which He has revealed to men, or by the recalling of some message which has already been received into the mind and heart. Nor does this in the least detract from our absolute dependence upon Him. The man who crosses the Atlantic in a steamship is no less dependent on the sea because he employs the vessel for the journey. We are no less dependent upon the earth for our sustenance because we only partake of the wheat after it has been ground into flour and made into bread. And so, we are no less dependent upon God because He has been pleased to employ various humble and simple instruments to save, and teach, and guide us. After full allowance has been made for the power and influence of intervening agencies, it is in Him we really live, and move, and have our being.

But I return to my first word. There is

## One Kind of Service Open to all.

irrespective of circumstances and gifts, which can be rendered to God without the intervention of anyone. And this we may truly call Self-Denial. Much that quite properly comes under that description need never—probably will never—be known to anyone but God. It may be a holy sacrament, indeed, kept between the soul and the Lord alone.

## I. There is the Denial of All that Remains of Evil in us.

How many sincere souls, when they look into their own hearts, find, to their horror, evil in them where they least expected it, and find them part alone when they should be all flesh; find them bound to earth and the love of earthly things, when they should be free from the world and the love of the world; find them occupied, alas! so often with idols

and heart-lusts when God alone ought to rule and reign there. Here is a sphere for Self-Denial. Here is a service to be rendered to God, which will be very acceptable to Him, and which you alone can perform.

And if you would thus deny yourself, then examine yourself. Study the evils of your own nature. Recognize sin. Call it by its right name when you speak of it in the solitude of your own heart. If there are the remains of the deadly poison in you, say so to God, and keep on saying so. "Confess your sins." Attack them as the farmer attacks the poison-plants amongst his crops, or the worms and flies which will blight his harvest, and which, unless he can ruin them, he knows full well will ruin him. That is the "perfect Self-Denial"—to cut off the right hand, and to pluck out and cast away what is dear as the right eye, if it offended against the law of purity and truth.

## But You Yourself are to do it.

Do not say you cannot, for you alone can. If you would be His disciple—His holy, loving, pure, worthy disciple—you must deny yourself. Cry to Him for help as much as you will—you cannot cry too often, for that; long—you must do more than that; you must arise, and deny your own selfish nature; pinch, and harass, and refuse your own inward sin, and expose them to the light of God. Confess them without ceasing, mortify them without mercy, and slay them, and give no quarter. Say, and say in earnest:—

"Oh, how I hate those lusts of mine  
That crucify my God!—  
These sins that pierced and nailed  
His flesh  
Fast to the fatal wood.

Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die—  
My soul has so decreed;  
I will no longer spare the things  
That made my Saviour bleed.

Whilst with a melting, broken heart,  
My murderer Lord I view,  
I'll raise revenge against my sins,  
And slay the murderers, too."

## II. There Are Denials of the Will.

Human nature is a collection of likes and dislikes. The great mass of men are governed by these preferences. What they like, they strive after; what they do not like, they neglect, or resist, or resist. Many of these preferences, though not harmful in themselves, lead continually to that subjection of the will to self-interest, and help that self-satisfaction and self-love, which are the deadly enemies of the soul. Now, true Self-Denial is the denial of these preferences, for Christ's sake and the sake of souls—that preference for a certain way—my way, my wish, my will. To say to God, "I sacrifice it for Thy plan; resolved to live Thy life." Nothing can be more acceptable to a good father's heart, than the knowledge that his son, living and laboring far away from him, amid difficulties and opposition, is consciously sacrificing his own preferences, and faithfully seeking to carry out his, the father's, will. In such a son that father sees a reproduction of all that is strongest and best in his own nature. And so it is with the Heavenly Father. No

greater joy can be His than to see the resolute surrender of His child, to His own will to His, and the daily denial of their hopes and plans for themselves and theirs in favor of His plans.

## III. There are Denials of the Affections.

"The precious things of earth—  
The Mother's tender care,  
The Father's faith and prayer—  
From Thee have birth."

And, just because love is of such high origin, and is the greatest power in human life. It is often captured by the devil and made his last stronghold against God. The heart is at once the strongest and the most sensitive part of our nature, and it is here, therefore, that there are often the most blessed and profitable opportunities for Self-Denial.

That pleasant companionship, so grateful, so fruitful of joy, and yet so likely to tempt me from the path of faithful service. "Lord, I deny myself of it." That mastering affection for wife, or husband, or children—so beautiful in its strength and simplicity, and yet so exacting in its claims—"Lord, I deny myself of the abandonment to which it invites me—I put it in its proper place, second to Thee, my Lord, and to the work Thou hast given me to do." That love of home, and friends, and circle, which is so powerful a factor in life, and enters so constantly into all the arrangements and details of our conduct, influencing so largely all real plans for doing God's work—"Lord, I will deny it, when it is in danger of lessening my labors for Thee and Thy Kingdom." The pleasant hour, the quiet evening, the restful hook, "I will lay them at Thy feet, when they hinder me doing Thy will, for Thy sake. It is between me and Thee alone;

## It is the Sacrifice of Love."

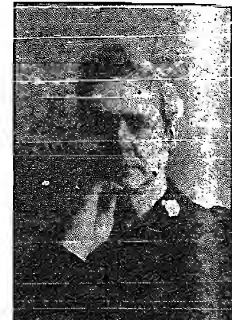
How precious it must be to God to see such Self-Denial! When the true lover sees the woman he has chosen leaving all for his sake, calmly laying down the love of father and family, and even braving the rebuffs and unkindness of those from whom before she has known nothing but affection, in order that she may give him her whole heart and life, how strong become the cords which bind him to her! Every sacrifice she makes for his sake forges another bond which will not easily be broken. And is the Lord a man, that He should be behind us in loving with an everlasting love those who thus give up and deny their own loves for Him? No! a thousand times no! He will repay. Every Self-Denial is a seedling rich with future joys. Ah! it is indeed true that "he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

## IV. There are Denials with Reference to our Gifts.

"Look not," said the Apostle, "every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." That is, even in the exercise of his choicest gifts and graces, let a man forget his own in his desire to employ and bring forward the gifts of others. "Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves." That is, in your own mind take a humble view of yourself, your own powers, and your own worthiness, and hold your comrades in higher esteem than you hold yourself, in honor preferring one another to yourselves.

## That Would be Very Real Self-Denial to Some People!

"Recompense to no man evil for evil," though you know he will deserve it; "Avenge not yourselves;" "If thine enemy hunger, feed him;



MR. BRAMWELL BOOTH  
International Chief of the Staff.

If he thirst, give him drink." "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." That is, deny yourself of your own joys, that you may enter into the sorrows of others; and lay aside your own sorrows and tears, and silence your own breaking heart, when you can help others by entering into their joys.

You will see, beloved, that all this is work which no one can do for you, and that it is in a very true sense high service to God as well as to man.

How, then, is it with you? Are you a self-denying disciple? If not, beware, lest it should shortly appear that you are not a disciple at all.

## DUST IN SPACE.

Some of the oldest records of human history contain accounts of the fall of great stones from the sky. Until the opening of the last century it was generally believed by men of science that the ancients only imagined that they had seen rocks fall from the heavens.

Modern science, however, has verified the truth of the ancient records, and we now know not only that stones and metallic masses, called aerolites or meteorites, do come tumbling down out of space, but that a fine dust, called cosmic dust, is continually sifting down through the atmosphere.

It is like the smoke and dust of a journey, for the earth is really journeying, along with the sun, towards the northern part of the universe, and as it goes it draws in with its attraction the refuse particles that apparently exist throughout space.

But while there can be no doubt of the existence of this silent rain of minute matter upon the earth, the difficulty has been to recognize it after it reaches the ground. Of late years, however, it has been found mingled in the ooze dredged up from the sea-bottom; and a few years ago when Baron Nordenskiöld visited Greenland he gathered a quantity of dust particles from the great snow-fields there which were believed to have come from the sky.

This conclusion was afterwards disputed, but lately a new analysis has been made which seems to show decisively that a large part of the material reality is cosmic dust. A computation based upon the amount found upon the Greenland moors indicates that the earth must gather in over the whole of its surface at least one hundred and thirty-two tons of the dust of space every year!

## OTHERS AS GOOD AS OURSELVES.

It is extremely difficult to esteem others better than ourselves, but we may safely suppose that they are at least as good; as sorry when they are at fault, as anxious to be good, to think rightly, to do their best; that each is as sensitive to sympathy or antipathy, as you and I personally know ourselves to be. We are too much in the habit of judging ourselves by our intentions, and our neighbors by their actions.

Every man made by human hands have rest of regular life so, beyond man machi has arrang daily rest, name of s Without it leaves her and expro "Sleep, gen nurse

Every man as he does which hav activity—t to secure his system find sleep fore, give s subject:

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# EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

By THE GENERAL.  
SLEEP.

Every machine, nay, everything made by human hands, or born of human ingenuity, they tell us, must have rest for certain periods, and at regular intervals. At any rate, it is so, beyond controversy, with the human machine, and consequently God has arranged that it should have this daily rest, which we know by the name of sleep. Sleep is necessary. Without it strength decays, reason leaves her throne, and life languishes and expires.

"Sleep, gentle sleep! Nature's soft nurse!"

Every man should deal with sleep as he does with the other things which have to do with health and activity—that is, he should endeavor to secure that amount of it which his system requires. Some people find sleep a difficulty. I will, therefore, give them a little advice on the subject:

## HOW TO SLEEP SOUNDLY.

1. As you would not take the Devil, or the Spirit of Nightmare, with you to bed, don't indulge in a heavy supper. As I have already said, suppers may be a necessity with Salvationists now and then, but avoid that meal as far as possible.

2. Keep a clear Conscience. The Saviour taught His disciples, and through them us, that they were not to allow the sun to go down upon their wrath. No man, if he can help it, should go to bed in his wrath, or suffering condemnation on account of the past. If you have sinned against any living soul, forgive, and, if you can, get forgiveness before you sleep.

3. Commit yourself to the care of God and obtain the distinct assurance that He has you in His holy keeping, before settling yourself to slumber. Touch the hem of His garment before you close your eyes.

4. Refuse, as far as you can exercise power over yourself, to be troubled with any unpleasant experience through which you may be passing at the time, either before you fall asleep, or during the wakeful hours of the night. Happy the man or the woman who can close their bedroom door against the perplexing and painful matters with which they have been contending during the day! "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof"; anyway, try and shut it out of the night.

5. If engaged in sedentary employment, such as sitting in an office, serving in a shop, or working in a factory, take, if possible, some active exercise that will more or less tire the body. Weariness is always the most friendly aid to sleep.

6. Choose some agreeable and profitable subject on which to fix your thoughts, and meditate as you lay yourself down. It is better to fall asleep in a pleasant and peaceful mood than otherwise. The run of your latest waking thoughts and feelings will be likely to color your dreams and visions, if you have any.

7. While securing sufficient sleep, beware of taking more than enough. Here, again, we must be careful not to err. Everybody, I suppose, is familiar with Mr. Wesley's rule, "Seven

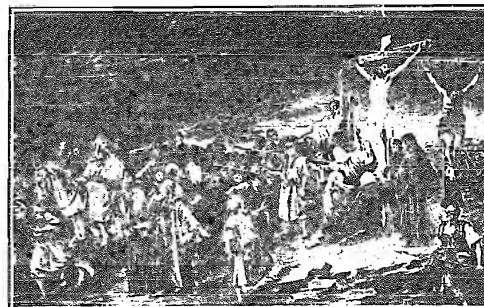
hours for a man, eight for a woman, and nine for a fool."

For certain highly-nervous natures, who pour out the feelings and energies on their work, it will, I think, be difficult to take too much sleep, but even here the old adage stands good which says, "Enough is as good as a feast." Too long a period spent in a warm bed is calculated to weaken and unstring the system; but while early rising imparts life and energy to some natures, it weakens and kills others. Every man must be a law unto himself. At the same time that Salvationists must beware of getting too much sleep, they must—especially the more anxious among them—be equally careful to get sufficient.

(To be continued.)

## MAJOR AND MRS. SMEETON VISIT THE HARBOR GRACE DISTRICT.

We have just had our first visit from Major and Mrs. Smeeton, and in voicing the feelings of officers, soldiers, and friends, I might say a blessing they were to us. While our hearts were yet aching with the parting from Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp, Major and Mrs. Smeeton have stepped in, bound up the broken hearts, and led us to exclaim "All things work together for good to them that love God."



THE SUPREME SELF-SACRIFICE.

Christ's whole incarnation was a like string of precious pearls, composed of self-denials and self-sacrifices, whose magnitude remains an admiration and unsurpassed example to the world of what man ought to do to help man.

What does it cost you to help to save the world? Self-Denial Week is a good measure to count the length of your love to God.

Time and space will not allow us to particularize the meetings conducted by the Major at every corps; suffice it to say that around the District they were heartily received. Both saved and unsaved joined in with giving them a downright good welcome.

In seven days Major and Mrs. Smeeton visited six corps and two outposts, interviewed eight Candidates and six Corps-Cadets, conducted nine public meetings, held three Local Officers' Councils, besides meeting a School Board and attending to many other things of vital importance, all to do with the extension of our work in the Harbor Grace District. One is led to wonder, as they follow the Major in his business transactions, how so much work can be got into so short a space of time.

I might also say that the Major is right at home on the platform. His words are food to the souls of his hearers. Mrs. Smeeton is a woman whose highest aim in life is to bless and help as many as she can. We shall remember her visit to this District by the blessings she has strewn by the way. Come again, Major and Mrs. Smeeton, and I promise you, on behalf of the District, that a right-down, good welcome awaits you.—E. Hiscock, Ensign.

Self-Denial Week  
will prove your  
Love for Christ.



The war cloud hanging over China seems to be dispelling. The Chinese Government has enforced, as far as possible, the program of punishment demanded by the allies, and it is confidently expected that very shortly an agreement will be reached regarding the indemnities to be paid by China to the Powers. The withdrawal of the international troops is already considered, and it is expected that Count Von Waldersee will return by the middle of June. It is estimated that about a million Chinese lives have been lost, due to violence, starvation, and disease, between the coast and Peking. The country is in a deplorable condition along that route, and considerable blame for these conditions is attached to the foreign troops.

In South Africa renewed activities of one or two Boer leaders have been in evidence during the past week. General Delarey has re-appeared in the hills near Hartbeestfontein, with four or five thousand men, and several British columns are advancing towards him. The chase after De Wet is still as hot as ever. Cap-

vent vandalism. The work of rehabilitation is vigorously pushed.

The Boer refugees in British camps through the Transvaal number twenty thousand six hundred and seventy-one. The shelters are the best that can be afforded according to the locality and circumstances, still a number have to be content with tents. The education of the children is going on.

President McKinley has informed Mr. Kruger that he cannot receive him, either officially or unofficially.

The Mad Mullah is marching with a force of forty thousand men, including eight thousand cavalry, to attack opposing forces.

A disastrous strike among the coal workers of Great Britain is feared. Every effort is being put forth to avoid the strike.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York arrived in Melbourne May 5th. The pier, which is a quarter of a mile long, was covered for its entire length with carpet.

It is reported that the Russian Division in Manchuria has fought twenty engagements with trifling loss. As a result, it is stated that three hands of rebels have been annihilated, and order restored throughout the largest portion of the Province.

A ferry boat, in the River Dnieper, Russia, was swamped, and one hundred women, many with infants, were drowned in the river.

An extensive famine is feared in China. Already great suffering prevails in the Province of Szechuan. No crops have been raised for the last two years. Many persons live on grass and bark.

The Pan-American Exhibition, at Buffalo, and the British Exhibition, at Glasgow, were opened the beginning of May.

Six hundred arrests in Russian Poland have taken place as the consequence of the discovery of a widespread nihilistic plot. Cosacks have occupied several suspicious towns. Several hundreds of arrests of students and others are also reported from Russian cities, where extensive searching of houses has been made by the police. The political unrest seems to be more important than is admitted by the Russian authorities.

What does  
SELF-DENIAL WEEK  
mean to you?  
Do you look upon it  
as a week of

Endurance,  
Suffering,  
Shirking,  
Hardship,  
Hard Toll?

Or do you consider it  
a week of  
Blessing,  
Toll for God,  
Growth of soul,  
Spiritual development,  
Joyful, though hard, work,  
And of Spiritual Benefit to God and  
souls?

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## Daily Sword Sharpening.

### Sunday.

Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have: for He hath said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—Heb. xiii. 5.

Covetousness is the cause of nine-tenths of many people's unhappiness. If they would but put to the best use the talents they have, and enjoy such things as they possess, they would find much to thank God for.

### Monday.

And He said, My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.—Ex. xxxiii. 14.

If God goes with us, then we can safely leave all the world, with its treasures and worries, behind us. True rest is found in trusting God to meet all our needs as they occur.

### Tuesday.

Thou wilt show me the path of life: in Thy presence is fulness of joy: at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.—Ps. xvi. 11.

The joy of this world's birth is mixed with the alloy of sin, but the joy of God is the pure, clear joy that leaves no regrets and has no bitter tinge.

### Wednesday.

No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.—Matt. vi. 24.

It is absolutely impossible to have two purposes in life: those who try it will make a failure in two directions. A man must have one aim—and a steady looking forward towards this aim, to accomplish anything in this world, for as only a single-eyed service can be acceptable to God.

### Thursday.

He hath showed thee, O man, what is good: and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?—Micah vi. 8.

God shows every man what is good. There is no need of being to doubt as to which is the right way. A man who always chooses the right way knows what he is about. It is when we choose the wrong and continue in its path that we find ourselves to darkness and unable to judge clearly.

### Friday.

The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble: and He knoweth them that trust in Him.—Nahum i. 7.

"A stronghold," indeed, when the waves of temptation, of inclination, of persuasive enticement, of fascinating illusions and glittering inducements, surround and threaten to submerge us. His hold is strong and sure, and we feel He knows us and our extremity. He will help us.

### Saturday.

In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins.—Col. i. 14.

The forgiveness of sins, the wiping out of a long-standing debt, the pardon of past rebellion, the adopting of an alien as a citizen of Heaven, the redemption of an abject slave, the setting free of a prisoner, all these and more are included in the full and free salvation of Christ.

## SIX NEVERS.

Never neglect daily private prayer: and when you pray, remember that God is present, and that He hears your prayers. Heb. xi. 6.

Never neglect daily private Bible reading: and when you read, remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what He says. I believe all backsliding begins with the neglect of these two rules. John v. 39.

Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Jesus. Every ought refers on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself, "What am I doing for Him?" Matt. v. 13, 16.

Never remain in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, but go to your room, kneel down and ask God's blessing upon it. Col. iii. 17. If you cannot do this, it is wrong. Rom. xiv. 23.

Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that because such and such people do so and so, therefore you may. Cor. x. 12. You are to ask yourself, How would Christ act in my place? and strive to do as He would do. John x. 27.

Never believe what you feel, if it contradicts God's word; ask yourself, Can what I feel be true, if God's word is true? and if both cannot believe God and make your own heart the liar. Rom. iii. 4; i. John v. 10, 11.

## Self-Denial v. Selfishness.

Deny yourself, take up your cross and follow Me, is a Divine injunction. Not only so, but self-denial and self-sacrifice seem to be written in nature and on the conscience, notwithstanding the predisposition to selfishness found in every human breast.

Even the wild beast, influenced by maternal love, will brave death, and the savage will make untold sacrifices for others. Self-preservation being the first law of nature, there is a round of duty that everyone owes to himself and to those he holds dearest, yet that is far from being the whole duty of man.

Ten commandments, engraved on stone to typify their lasting importance, were given, five teaching our duty to our fellow-man and five our duty to God, and not one our duty to ourselves, for such was needless. Jesus condensed them into two, for virtually there were but two. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." Upon these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. So as to prevent selfishness, which is the abuse and perversion of the law of self-preservation. He gave a new commandment, called by us the golden rule. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." There is no getting round or explaining away this command. A celebrated lawyer once said that there was no human law he could not.

### Drive a Coach and Six Through.

No defect in this law, hence a mark of its origin, for Jesus taught as never man taught. This teaching is not that of "a taskmaster, hindering heavy burdens and grievous to be borne and laying them on men's shoulders," but based on love; it is for our own high-

est good, as well as for the good of others.

Two classes of people, into which all humanity is divided, appear before the judgment seat of Christ, one the self-sacrificing, the other the selfish. No questions are asked as to wealth, fame or social standing, nor is any explanation given. To one class the Judge says, "Come ye blessed of My Father, enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungry and ye fed Me, I was thirsty and ye gave Me drink, naked and ye clothed Me, sick and in prison, and ye visited Me." "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me." To the other class He says, "Depart from Me, ye workers of iniquity, for inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it not unto Me."

It is clear that this benevolence, or love, which leads us to self-denial and self-sacrifice, is a divine principle, having the promise of the life which now is and that which is to come. It is life's discipline, for some cause, leading to a happy immortal existence, being "twice blessed, blessing him that gives and him that takes."

The United States form one of the leading Christian nations; yet here are some official statistics, startling enough in their meaning and demonstrating the selfishness and lack of self-denial still extant under the most favorable circumstances. They are certainly deplorable enough. Yearly expenditure for Christian missions, \$5,500,000—"a vast sum," says one. Ministers' salaries, \$12,000,000—"No," says another; for education, \$96,000,000—"a splendid civilization," says a third; for bread, \$505,000,000—"What do you think of that?" says another; for tobacco, \$500,000,000—"What?" say a multitude; for liquor, \$300,000,000—and well might all be dumb! Seventeen million five hundred thousand dollars as an offering to Christian philanthropy, and one billion five hundred million dollars per annum as an offering to Moloch, the fire god of selfishness. If these astounding figures had been reversed, as we might have reasonably expected, what a blighting curse that great nation might have been saved from, and what incalculable blessings would have come to the people. We might speak in like manner of Canada, England, in fact, of every civilized and Christian nation, so we should have before us an appalling picture of human nature without love. For "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

We can understand that God loves His creatures, and ministers to their needs, for His essential character is love; but do we realize that He can bow in sorrow? The Bible seems to teach that He can, but people call it figurative language. Let us see. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son (to die) that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Think you, reader, that the great heart of God was not

### Moved With Sorrow

at the pathetic appeal, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" but that He looked on with sternal indifference?

You admit that Jesus suffered death on the cross to redeem man. "Yes," says one, "He suffered as a man." The infidel had a higher conception, for he said, "Socrates was a like a philosopher, but Jesus died like a God." Then is the expression "Grieve not the Spirit," merely figurative language?

There is so much that would seem to indicate otherwise. What about

angels and saints? There is joy over one sinner that repenteth. If Jesus wept over Jerusalem, may they not weep over a race rejecting offered mercy?

If mankind are called upon, as they doubtless are, in the interest of others and in their own highest well-being, to exercise self-denial and make sacrifices, are they not in good company? On the other hand, is it not enough to make anyone weep, who are in a position to take in the situation, to see beings richly-endowed as man so blighted by the god of this world and worship of self and Mammon, when they have before them such grand and glorious possibilities?

"All must admit that General Booth emphasized the grand doctrine of doing as well as believing, for 'Faith without works is dead.' So let us, then, go forward, denying ourselves, and doing our share of work, to claim

### The World for Christ.

E. G. C.

## ALONE.

"I Sat Alone Because of Thine Hand."

Souls that tread life's path alone,  
Knowing no companion soul,  
Asking sympathy of none,  
Seeking but the heavenly goal.

Seeing only Jesus' face,  
Striving to be near to God;  
Walking only by His grace,  
In the path the Saviour trod.

All alone—yet not alone,  
Walking always by His side,  
Listening for His gentlest tone,  
Living ever to "abide."

Souls like these Jehovah seeks,  
To do battle in His name—  
Souls whose very silence speaks,  
While they suffer open shame.

Lives made grand by suffering here,  
Which were lived to bless the world;  
Life itself not held too dear,  
Were Christ's banner but unfurled.

Yea, such lives God loves to crown  
With His power—by which alone  
They uplift the trodden-down,  
And by prayer melt hearts of stone.

Yet the way seems hard, and few  
Care to live that strong, grand life:  
Ask ye, why? 'Tis nothing new;  
They love peace but hate the strife.

Souls at ease in comfort dwell,  
Bearing here no heavy cross,  
While the millions sink to hell—  
(God alone can know the loss).

When these souls at judgment stand,  
True and just, God shall require  
Blood of lost ones at their hand,  
In that day of wrath and fire.

Is it not worth while to brave  
All the dangers Jesus fought,  
If you may, beyond the grave,  
Meet one saved, whom you had sought?

Elsie M. Graham

The dark places of sin cannot be illuminated by the gas of oratory.

A chinaman, bound recently, with a sword held to his throat, when asked, "Are you a believer in Jesus Christ?" firmly replied, "Yes, I am a Christian." He escaped death, and, when asked afterward how he could testify so boldly, answered that he had just been reading about Peter's denial.



By Capt. F. Clark.

### "Can I Do Too Much for Christ?"

"From that time many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him."—John vi. 66.

**A** SHORT time before this, Jesus had looked upon the multitude. Knowing they were hungry. He was moved with compassion toward them, and performed that great miracle—feeding five thousand with five loaves and two fishes. The crowds continued to follow Him, but many followed because they ate of the loaves and were filled, and as Jesus never allowed an opportunity to pass Him, He began to talk to them, and gave them to understand that it meant more than having a good meal to follow Him.

"And said unto them, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you." They took it literally. He said, "It is the spirit that quickeneth. It is the spirit that giveth life, the flesh profiteth nothing." But they said, "This is a hard saying," and from that time they went back.



Capt. Fanny Clark.

There always has been a going back, and I suppose there always will. How many people there are who come to a place in their experience where two roads meet, where they have either to make an absolute surrender to God, or go back, but instead of counting all things dress for the excellence of Christ, they say

"It is too hard."

and from that time they go back. How it must have grieved Him when He saw the crowd turn back. He loved them. He had just supplied their temporal needs, and would have met their spiritual needs, but they went back. Oh, this going back! How many poor, unhappy souls we come in contact with who look back with regret to the time when Jesus spoke to them and told them to leave all and follow Him, but they said, "It's too hard," and from that time they went back. Many try to keep saved and go their own way, but they can't do it, for we are only saved while we trust and obey. The moment we cease to obey, our trust begins to slacken, and we get out of touch, and from that time we go back.

"I would have been saved to-day, but the Lord asked too much of me," said a young man to me a short time ago, while dealing with him about his soul. He had been a soldier for some time, and when God called him to leave all and follow Him, he said, "It is too hard," and went back. The last I heard of him his sins had

Driven Him from Home and Friends.

"If anyone had told me a few years ago it was to be with me as it is, I could not have believed it. I enjoyed the blessing of God, and was happy, but wanted to go my own

## BIBLE READINGS FROM JAMAICA.

### ST. MARY MAGDALENE.

Let others praise King Solomon, or picture Sheba's Queen. Give me the pen that can describe Saint Mary Magdalene! Oh, help me, Lord, to write out plain the words you've placed within My heart, as an encouragement, to those brought up in sin!

This Mary was no "little lamb whose fleece was white as snow." For in the slums of Galilee she doubtless lived, and so Her parents were no better than, I guess, they might have been; She'd no "religious bringing-up," had Mary Magdalene! Indeed, some think that she was one who make a trade of sin. Who do not wait till Satan knocks, but ask him to come in; It may be so, for in this sketch, some details must be shown. (Put in to make the picture up) that are not really known. And those who criticize had best another picture draw That shall be orthodox, and so without a single flaw!

Well then, I fancy Mary lived where Satan held full sway. She doubtless did her very best to serve him day by day. Beyond the reach of Synagogue, or sound of "ancient" bell. She let the rich ones go to heaven, content to go to hell! Nor did the priest set old-time net to catch the like of her. For fear his fashionable fish would make a slight demer! So Mary lived, and may have died, had not the tidings spread: "A Prophet has arrived. Who can raise people from the dead!" They said He was unlike a priest; nor loved the well-to-do; So that the Pharisees and Scribes declared He was not true. She heard, and was amazed to hear some words they said He spoke. Repeating them to pals of hers, as if they were a joke; Until, one day, she idly went His meetings to amuse. But was herself upset, like those caught in the Army net!

We don't know whether Jesus used a church-bell or a drum (What does it matter what you use, as long as sinners come?) Nor do we know exactly what the methods might have been. When Jesus cast seven devils out of Mary Magdalene! They might have all come out at once, or come out one by one. (Each sect has got their own idea of how the thing was done!) I know how 'tis at meetings now, with devils big and small. We've got to pray and sing for nights before we get out all! Praise God, we know when she got saved the devil got his due— She joined the march, and open-air; gave testimony, too. Then followed Jesus up and down, and doubtless did her best To spread His fame to those around, p'aps more than all the rest. When others found the fight too hard, so chose the priestly way. It must have cheered the Saviour's heart to see she'd come to stay; And even when on Calvary's mount the cross was lifted high. Among the few who still remained was Mary, standing by. She doubtless cursed the canting priests, who, in Jehovah's name. Urged men to crucify His Son, to their eternal shame; Reminiscing how Christ called them fools, and hypocrites as well. Who compass sea and land to make one proselite of hell!

The Scripture says, "Christ first appeared to Mary Magdalene," And called her by her Christian name, before by others seen; This was enough! The tone or voice—the love that was implied Was ample payment for the grief she'd felt since He had died. Christ had her go and tell the rest, so she began to preach. Although some split-hair brethren say she did but others "teach." (For up to this the women had at Corinth made no row. That Paul should stop their mouths a bit, as many would do now).

I know you'll be surprised to hear that in this sunny land Some natives have the strange idea, and seem to understand That Mary's skin was black, like theirs, and so they say that she is representing them in heaven, just as it ought to be! They're not quite clear upon the point, if prejudice is there— Unless some Christians alter much it will be, they declare! But still, with Mary Magdalene, and Army people, too. The others can fly by themselves, if so they choose to do!

Praise God for Mary Magdalene! Praise God she was not rich! (Until she got, at Pentecost, saved up to shouting pitch.) Praise God for those of humble life—"uneducated fools." Whom Jesus "chose" (now mark the word), to be His special tools. Then let us go, not for the great, but for the "lower ten," through them the kingdom shall be built. Praise God! Amen! Amen!

Adjutant Phillips.



way, and went, and I have never been happy since." These were the words that came from a broken-hearted young lady.

"It is very true what you said to-night, Captain," said a young man to me after the meeting. "If we could undo the past, how gladly we would do it. I looked over my own life. I was a good Christian once, and was happy, but I went back. Oh, if I could but undo it." Such are the walls of woe that pour into our ears day after day by those who go back because Jesus asks too much of them. Is it possible for Him to ask too much of us? Can we follow Him through His life, go with Him in the Garden, then to the Judgment hall, watch Him as He is smitten by the rough hands of the cruel crowd who clamored for His blood, follow the march to Calvary, see Him fall beneath the load, listen to the sound of the hammer as the great spike nails are driven through His hands and feet, see Him lifted up, hear Him cry, "It is finished!" watch Him bow His head and die, and then look in His face and say, "I would follow You, Jesus, but You ask too much of me?"

"Is my cross too much for me? No, dear Saviour, I will never shrink the cross, but bear it ever; Nought from Thee my soul shall sever, Leaving all, I'll follow Thee."



Ensign Perry, T. F. S. for Central Ontario.

### "RESTING" AT INVERNESS, QUE.

A Change of Work as Good as a Rest.

We people of Inverness have again had the pleasure of coming in contact with the Salvation Army, and must say the more we see and learn of it the better we like it. We were, therefore, very pleased when we received the news that Capt. and Mrs. Norman would spend a few days with us, and as we knew that the Captain was much in need of a rest we did not arrange for any meetings. But you cannot hide the Army uniform, so when our good Methodist minister had seen them he came and invited the officers to take the prayer meeting on Wednesday night. Capt. and Mrs. Norman accepted, and the meeting was just grand.

Mrs. Norman also led a ladies' prayer meeting at the home of Mrs. Lambly, and as she told, in her simple, earnest way, of her beautiful, Christlike work, we were made to feel, as our minister's wife said, "how little we were sacrificing for the Master," and resolved to do more in the future.

So, with a well-attended service in the schoolhouse, and two or three prayer meetings, the officers' time was so fully occupied that I am afraid we sent them back more tired than when they came. However, the blessed Spirit of the Master has been felt in an especial manner ever since in our little prayer meetings. We understand the Army work in a way we did not before, and would like to see them come back in the near future.—E. B. M.

No power without pain.  
All tricks come back to the trickster.







## GREAT BRITAIN.

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg has just visited London on important business connected with his Territory.

Commissioner McKie, Germany's valiant commander, is at present in England.

Editorial rearrangements of interest have been effected. Staff-Captain Boon is transferred to the staff of the War Cry. Capt. Telford goes to assist Major Taylor, and will take a lion's share in the production of The Local Officer.

The General has just scored another great triumph—this time in Glasgow. The great St. Andrew's Hall was crowded to the doors. The total number of captures for the campaign were 165.

The General recently met his leading officers in London, with their wives. The meeting was one of exceptional blessing. The General



A drum-and-life band tutor is being published by the International Trade Department. This work has just been prepared by Major Slater.

One of the targets set for the Candidates of the British Field during the recent Self-Denial Week was to make one Candidate each. Brigadier Rees reports that they have done very well.

## UNITED STATES.

A splendid audience greeted the Consul at the Academy of Music upon her return to New York. Her great lecture held the huge congregation spellbound for nearly three hours.

The famous Cherry Street Slum Corps has just moved into better premises, better hall, and better quarters for the Slum Training Home and Creche.

The First Aid to the Injured Class at National Headquarters is in full swing. The Commander himself is one of the present class, which numbers ten. Brigadier Myles and Major Ludgate are the instructors.

Brigadier McIntyre has recently visited the National Headquarters, New York, having under consideration the erection of a large Rescue Home, Hospital, and Children's Home in Buffalo, all costing something like \$40,000.

The visit of our beloved and honored General is occupying much thought and attention, and plans are already well in hand for his campaign. The first note is to be struck in New York City, on Saturday, September 28th. The Academy of Music has already been secured for the meetings on Sunday, September 29th.

Staff-Capt. Consett, for some time connected with the Social Department, has been transferred to the Insurance Department.

In a street meeting in Walluku, H. I., the officers and soldiers talk to their decidedly international audiences in Portuguese, English, Japanese, and Hawaiian. Salvationists in that part of the battle field certainly need to be accomplished linguists, or become so soon after arriving there, in order to be "all things to all men."

Major Hyllested, Editor of the New York War Cry, is now en route to Denmark for a furlough for two or three months. Major Lamb has been appointed to the Editorial chair pro tem.

## INDIA AND CEYLON.

During the officers' councils recently conducted by the Foreign Secretary in Gujarat, Commissioner Higgins was given the Indian name of Commissioner Mota Singh, which means, "the great lion." At these councils the party of officers which recently left Europe, also received their Indian names.

Our Hospital and Dispensary, in South India, is becoming increasingly popular. Dr. Turner and Major Secunder have their hands very full. No less than eighty-nine new cases, suffering from various maladies, were dealt with in one day. The premises are being enlarged, and the new buildings have already been commenced.

Pamloo conditions still prevail in certain parts of Central India, the distress being greatest in the Panch Mahals and parts of Gujarat, and of the Marathi Country. We have no less than seventy corps in these affected parts, and the distress will continue for at least another six months, till they reap the benefit of the next monsoon. Major Bahadur writes from the Marathi Country that there is a great deal of distress, especially amongst the children, and this has greatly interfered with the attendance at our Day Schools, as the children go wandering around seeking for food.

The party of Indian Boys, who have been touring through Australasia for the last nine months, is due back in India at the end of April. Most remarkable results, both spiritual and financial, have followed them wherever they have been. The boys will now return to the industrial institutions from which they were drawn, and will there continue their education and training.

Three thousand six hundred rupees have recently been received from the Indian Government towards the orphans in our industrial institutions in Gujarat. This is the first direct help from this source, although we are in receipt of regular grants from the Ceylon Government, and have received assistance from Native States.

Soul-saving is on the increase in Ceylon, and Brigadier Jeya Kudi writes that in several corps quite a revival has broken out.

## AUSTRALASIA.

Two Salvation Army Homes for neglected children (boys and girls) are to be opened in Christchurch,

New Zealand, at an early date. These institutions will be chiefly for the benefit of waifs and strays, rather than for children handed over by the Government of the Colony.

Staff-Capt. Brouwer, who has so faithfully and gallantly fought in Java since the commencement of Army operations in that interesting country, is about to visit Australia. The Staff-Captain's health has been different for some time.

A probationary Home for reformatory girls, who have been handed over to the Army by the Government of South Australia, was recently opened at Woodville. The opening ceremony was performed by His Excellency the Lieut.-Governor (Sir Samuel Way) and Lady Way.

In connection with the great Commonwealth Campaign the Commandant and Mrs. Booth are conducting a series of councils and congresses in the various Australasian States. The South Australian Congress has just been held at Adelaide. Brisbane follows, and the dates of the Sydney engagements were from April 19th to 25th.

## JAPAN.

Colonel Bullard has recently published the Annual Report of the Salvation War in Japan, which goes to show that the work is still making good progress. In connection with the Report, a short account of the constitution and progress of the Army is also given.

Arrangements are in hand for the opening of five new corps. Some of the larger Japanese towns are included in the proposals.

Mrs. Colonel Bullard is still in a very weak condition of health, and two of the children have recently been seriously ill.

Thirty men, who were saved from a shipwreck, were recently sheltered in our Yokohama Naval and Military Home for several days.



## Spiritual Specials.

**BRIGADIER PUGMIRE AND STAFF-CAPT. MANTON.**

will visit Lisgar Street from Saturday, May 18, to Sunday, May 26. London, Tues. June 4, to Mon. June 17; Woodstock, Tues. June 18, to Fri. June 28.

**MAJOR GALT and CAPT. LEDREW** will visit Peterboro from Tuesday, May 7, to Monday, May 20.

## Central Ontario Province.

## MAJOR PICKERING

will visit Hamilton I. Thurs. May 16; Lindsay, Sat. Sun., and Mon. May 18, 19, 20; Bricebridge, Fri. Sat. Sun., and Mon. May 23, 24, 25, 26.

"The Major will be accompanied by Staff-Capt. Stanyon.

## E. O. and Q. Province.

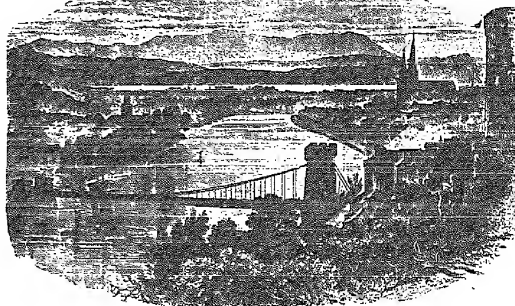
## MAJOR TURNER

will visit Cornwall, Thurs. May 23; Morrisburg, Fri. May 24; Ogdensburg, Sat. May 25; Prescott, Sun., May 26; Kemptville, Mon. May 27.

## Eastern Province.

## BRIGADIER SHARP

will visit Woodstock, N. B., Thurs. May 16; Houlton, Fri. May 17; Fredericton, Sat. and Sun. May 18, 19.



Inverness, Scotland.

YOU DO

spoke at some length on the relation of faith to the work and position of a leading officer. Striking out upon what was unquestionably a new and practical line of thought, he was followed by the most intense interest and profit. It was an address which will long be remembered.

The gathering finally resolved itself into a testimony meeting, in which the Chief of the Staff, Commissioners Booth-Hellberg, Codman, Pollard, Coombs, and Nicol took part, as well as Mrs. Commissioners Howard, Carleton, Coombs, and Rees, and Mrs. Colonels McAlonan and Lamb, and Colonel Sturgess.

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg told, in a dry, humorous manner, a rather good story. After extolling the General for not being a faddist, and emphasizing the sanity of the Army, he said: "I met a man a short time ago, in the street, whom I knew well at one time, and whom I thought was in the lunatic asylum. I expressed my pleasure at seeing him again, and trusted he was all right. Thinking that I doubted him, he pulled out of his pocket a paper and held it before me, saying, 'If you doubt it, read that. It is my discharge from the asylum, and testifies that I am perfectly sane!' And," added the Commissioner, in a vein of pleasantry, "he asked me, in a triumphant manner, 'Have you a certificate that asserts your sanity?'" The meeting enjoyed the application of the moral of the story as well as the story itself. "The General," said Commissioner Booth-Hellberg, "requires no certificate to the sanity of his principles. They have been translated or worked into monuments of practical, benevolent measures for the benefit of mankind and the glory of God."

The Chief of the Staff's Whitecliffe Council with Corps-Cadets, the meeting place of which has been changed from Haddleigh to Clapton, is being looked forward to with great anticipation.

Mrs. Booth will conduct another select breakfast in the Lower Exeter Hall, on the 21st May.

The Lord Mayor of London has issued many invitations to leading, prominent citizens to meet the General at the Mansion House on Tuesday, April 30th. The acceptances promise a representative audience.

## The Red-Hot Revivalists.

Wind-Up of St. Thomas' Ten Days—  
30 Seekers—16 Enrolled Under  
the Colors—2,300 People At-  
tended Services—Over 300  
Soldiers Attended Op-  
en-Air Meetings—  
City Stirred.

Our stay at St. Thomas was most pleasant indeed. On the last Sunday the barracks was gorged; chairs and seats had to be brought in. The young converts were to the front, both in the open-air and inside, and boldly testified to their having received new power.

Two week-day children's meetings were held, and were well attended. 130 being present. The Junior work is a credit to the corps, and appears to be well managed.

I ought to say a word about the band. They were out to every open air and march, and assisted us materially in the soul-saving line.

The enrolment of recruits was an interesting time and well attended. 16 stood up under the flag and accepted the Articles of War. Hallelujah! It was a beautiful sight.

We will not soon forget our visit to St. Thomas, and everybody is anxious for our return.

I am now writing from  
Ingersoll,

where we are booked for two weeks. We have just had three services, and up to the present we have had five seekers. Capt. Coe and Lieut. Smith have made good arrangements, and we are believing for a down-pour of blessing and power. May it be so. Amen!—Yours in the service, J. S. Pugmire, Brigadier.

## Mike Learning Wisdom.

N. B.—Mr. Editor, if ye'll print unsbunt history, ye kan put this in, fur, like the Prodigal, I was lost as is found.

Well, sur, I've had me first lesson in Eastern wisdom, an naturally, like all us things, it kin a little awkward at first. I find to be a wise man ye've got to be different to what you was before (an ye'll surely me fur saylo it) but ther's naturally kummin a wide difference between me an you, but ther's hope fur ye if ye'll kum to the east.

Well to begin on, I went to see me friend, Mr. Parker, induked into in the east. Ther was um powerful wise speeches made, too powerful an eloquent to report here in me short letter, but let me say they showed the

Mittie Wisdom ov All the Pepel.

Most strikin ov all was the Indukshun speech made by Mr. Phillips. It was a speech that will live in the memory of all who paid close attention to it. Mr. Parker blushed wid modesty an something else, an his virtues was discribed, an his future misshun made plane. It was a hot meetin; the stove was hot, the lamps was hot, the pepel was hot, the speeches was hot, an I ekaped into the open-air feelin that wun ov the grate events ov me life had taken place.

I walked home wid Mr. Phillips, an congratulated him on his speech. He begged me to say nothin about it, an so I kan't tell ye all. If ye want to know rite Mr. Phillips.

Well, naturally, I noticed the different

Habits ov the Pepel at Me Borden-Hous

an the expresshuns "us strikin to a no hand." Miss Hardbit, the proprietur, uses very expenside language on all subjects, but matrimony iz her strong point. "If I'd a mao," sez she, "I'd kripple him fur life." Naturally she is still a maiden lady,

fur no one is looging to be a kripple. Wun lady kan tell fortunes from teacups; I drunk water, so mine was a misfortune.

Wun da I met wid Mr. Andrews, the representative of yer Soshul work in the East, who Mr. Parker is sukseedu. He had just returned from Bermuda. He is a fine young man. He was tellin me of his trip. It was a mittle storm an the bot was 5 daz overdue. She was loaded wid

That Murderin Stuff Kalled Rum an sum sugar. Gettin nere shore at last, the Kaptan didn't no the port, an was short of kolo. Ther was a piket—no kolo an a strange port, an a lode ov the devil's stuff on board; but ther was wun hope left. Mr. Andrews, the Salvashun man, was acquainted wid the port, an so in the dark ov oite the Kaptan kalled to him to tell bow to git in. Mr. Andrews riz to the okkashun, an moun- tain the bridge brung the ship safe into port.

Mr. Editor, I've seen more than wun man wid a lode of rum who was glad to git sum Salvashun man to steer him into his last port. It's a mittle solemn thing to be kummin

a stone wuo our at the Mercy Seat on the deer Lord will make it full ov feelin again. Hallelujah!

Well about a minute before I died the bot kum into kam water. It was a mittle relief, an I understood the skriptur better where it sez, "So He bringeth them into their desired haven."—Mike.

## THE SOUL-SAVING TROUPE.

Statistics for Thirteen Weeks.

During thirteen weeks the "West Ontario Soul-Saving Troupe" held 117 open-air, attendance at the same, 2,020. Number of indoor meetings held, 193; attendance at the same, 14,072. Number of souls seeking salvation, 174. Number seeking sanctification, 182. Total at the penitentiary form, 356. Number promising to become soldiers, 88. Number of hours spent visiting, 319. Number houses visited, 1,311. Number houses read and prayed in, 769.—W. Orchard, Adjt.



The Water of Death.

—From the Belgian War Cry.

into a strange port wid the kolo gone, az ye kan go no further wid nothin but rum an sugar on board. Well, praise the Lord, yer Salvashun men are

Alwus Reddy to Help a Sinner

into the rite port.

Taukin about sinners an ports makes me think ov wun journey akros the Bay of Fundy. Mr. Editor, kan ye tell me who named that bay? Well, the bot tuk to goin endways an side- ways, an upways, an downways, an if there are enny other ways she went it. Me toe-nails an me skalp wanted to trade places by way ov me stom- ick, an consequently ther was a tim. While me extremities an me stom- ick was tite over the subject, me hole karkas was suddenly lifted up an sent sprawlin to the middle ov the kabin floor. This made a gentleman smile slightly.

"Ye'r havin a serious time," sez he. "I've havin lots ov fun," sez I.

Tauk about feelins, I was nothin but feelins. I've heard pepel tauk about losin their feelins. If they get to the rite place they will get lots of feelin. If ye feel dull an ded wun trip on the Bay of Fundy will wake ye up. An if yer hart iz hard as

## Lazarus in the East.

Oh, did I not tell you there was a dangerous man at Springhill, whom I did not reach last quarter? Adj't. Byers is his name.

"Too bad," he said, "you are coming just before my day, and a three-weeks' pay at that; but we'll do the best we can."

When the eight came, the question was, Where shall we put all the people? They continued to stream in, and we packed them in till we could pack no more, then had to leave 150 outside who wanted in. \$32.60 income, and that right at the begin- ning of the quarter. I wonder who will beat it before the quarter ends? And on the top of this, three new Agents appointed. Yes, sir, Byers and Springhill are hard to beat.

Good times at Amherst, where Bros. Grogett and Elliott are in to make G. B. M. boom again.

Then came Sackville, Moncton, Campbellton, and we are at New- castle, where a packed hall awaits us. Miss Goughly is bound to make things go better in G. B. M.

Chatham followed next, where we

had a nice time. After a long ride on a slow train, I reached Fredericton, where the smile of Adj't. Jenolton greeted us. He has just been in- stituted in to the work of this beautiful place.

What shall I say about Woodstock? Here the irrepressible Ensign Allen holds forth, and the far-famed Stan is Sergt.-Major. Enough said. Had wo a lively time? Well, I guess so. A splendid work is going on here; a lot of the converts were once wild, drunken fellows. 51 at kneedrift is not bad, is it? One new Agent was appointed bers.

All Local Agents could learn a good thing from Blistor Pike, Houlton. She looks closely after all her boxes, and on the day of the T. F. S.'s visit, or the following day, gets out some new ones. We had a splendid crowd in spite of a very wet night, and a poor hall. Houlton people were much pleased with the service. "Almost wrecked."

Next came St. Stephen and Calais (some new boxes taken by Agents here). At Eastport we had a good time, and a good week-end at Grand Manan (where one new Agent was appointed).

This brings us up to the present moment, where we are sitting on board the "Aurora," bound for St. John. Thank God, the sea is calm, else the writer would be otherwise employed. More anon.—Jos. Parler, Ensign.

## BEWARE OF THIS MAN.

We thought it wise to send you a note for the Cry, concerning John Steel, alias J. S. Lang, who is liable to pass himself off as a soldier. He is a Scotchman, claims to have been an accepted Candidate in the Old Country. He came from Scotland to Ladysmith, B. C., to work in the Coal Mines. He left there owing numerous bills. He did the same here. He has full uniform. Please insert this.—Captain W. W. Lacey, Ferole, B. C.

## ON THE GOLDEN SHORE.

After Twelve Years' Warfare.

Uxbridge.—Death has visited our corps and taken from our midst a Sgt. Major

Mrs. Porter. She was converted in the Army on the 16th of July, 1880, and has been a true and faithful soldier for nearly twelve years, doing her best for God and the salvation of souls. She was a great blessing to all who knew her, always ready to do anything for God, and at her part- until about seven months ago, when she was taken very sick. During her illness she was never known to mur- mur, but felt that God had done all things for the best. On April 13th our sister passed away to receive her reward. In her dying moments she plead for her unconverted friends to give their hearts to God. Mrs. Porter leaves a husband and two little chil- dren.

The funeral service was conducted by Staff-Capt. Stanyon, who was as- sisted by Capt. Peacock, Lieut. Dau- berville, Capt. Tytus, and Capt. Rose, in spite of the storm the barracks was packed, and as the different cues spoke, the Spirit of God fell upon the people and three souls decided to follow God. Although our sister has gone, the influence of her godly life will still live on.—Capt. Ida Peacock, Uxbridge, Ont.

What is meant by our neighbor we cannot doubt; it is everyone with whom we are brought into con- tact, whosoever it may be, whom we have any means of helping.

# B

Two Vo

Ahmic Harbor.—On the 13th of A- turned out well an welcome. God h- have volunteered our arrival, and m- ly convicted.—Lieut

A New

Black Island.—God has blessed a North. Nine soul- the Saviour during have just started barracks at the comrades are doin- are in for victor- Donal effort.—J.

On the

Blenheim.—Me- ances are getting good crowd Sund- soul out for salva- son has a ovel his meetings. He the War Cry, ov- thanks the Editor on the fence.—In- fence well.—Ed.)

Seventy-Four

Bonavista.—The- ing on in this pa- God has been v- have felt His Sm- the people. Seve- ent oo Sunday m- During the past w- thirteen souls he- Kingdom.—Lieut.

A Profit

Bonne Bay.—T- D. O. visited on- the District, and- time. We wer- two days and a- meetings, in wh- fessed to find se- is in good fight- on are fire. We- and everything- swing.—F. J. S.

Good

Bridgewater.—The- port we have had- crowds are very- lections. We w- to visit us. Ye- from a District- time. Capt. Wil- er, and Lieut. F- preacher, are in-

A Good

Charlottetown.—we have had se- souls, and also- obtaining the g- centre sanctifica- pray and believ- and Mrs. Cricht- son have arriv- welcome meetin- good impressio- Martin is suil- comrade Geo. H- by ill.—H.

Planning T

Dresden.—Ensl- with us for the- glad to have a- gain some of ou- for many month- ers from the f- see them take f- in the ranks of- to the saving a- God. They hav- to be true to th-

True to

Gooseberry.—En- ended for this- glad to have a- gain some of ou- for many month- ers from the f- see them take f- in the ranks of- to the saving a- God. They hav- to be true to th-



# BATTLE BULLETINS

## Two Volunteers.

Abmlic Harbor.—We arrived here on the 13th of April. The people turned out well and gave us a hearty welcome. God bless them. Two have volunteered for salvation since our arrival, and many more are deeply convicted.—Lieut. Lamb.

## A New Barracks.

Black Island.—Since last report God has blessed us here at the far North. Nine souls were brought to the Saviour during the Siege. We have just started to build a new barracks at the outpost, and the comrades are doing well with it. We are in for victory during the Self-Denial effort.—J. Reader, Lieut.

## On the Fence.

Blenheim.—Meetings and attendance are getting better. We had a good crowd Sunday night, and one soul out for salvation. Capt. Jordison has a novel way of announcing his meetings. He stamps them on the War Cry, over the pictorial, and thanks the Editor for the space left on the fence.—Una Groom. (Use the fence well.—Ed.)

## Seventy-Four at Knee-Drill.

Bonaville.—The great work is going on in this part of the vineyard. God has been very near, and we have felt His Spirit at work among the people. Seventy-four were present on Sunday morning at knee-drill. During the past week we rejoice over thirteen souls being born into the Kingdom.—Lieut. E. Bowring.

## A Profitable Visit.

Bonne Bay.—The writer and his D. O. visited one of the corps in the District, and we had a very nice time. We were away from home two days and a-half, and held two meetings, in which three souls professed to find salvation. Everybody is in good fighting trim. The Juniors are on fire. We had good crowds, and everything is going with a swing.—F. J. S., for A. E.

## Good Meetings.

Bridgewater, N. S.—Since last report we have had good meetings. The crowds are very good, also the collections. We would like the D. O. to visit us. We haven't had a visit from a District Officer for some time. Capt. Willis, the sweet singer, and Lieut. Fraser, the wonderful preacher, are in charge.—Reporter.

## A Good Impression.

Charlottetown.—Since last report we have had seven more precious souls, and also several seeking and obtaining the grace necessary for entire sanctification. And yet we pray and believe for more. Adj. and Mrs. Orlington and Capt. Thompson have arrived. We had a fine welcome meeting, and four souls. A good impression was made. Capt. Martin is still with us. A former comrade, Geo. Higgins, is dangerously ill.—H.

## Planning for Self-Denial.

Dresden.—Ensign Hoddinott was with us for the week-end, and we had a very good time. The magic lantern service, entitled, "Ted, the Station-Master," was very touching. The meetings were good all day Sunday. We are now planning for Self-Denial. Our target is high, but by the help of God we shall hit it.—Mrs. Capt. Huntington.

## True to the Flag.

Gooseberry Island.—The Siege is ended for this season, and we are glad to have upon our platform again some of our dear comrades who for many months had been wanderers from the fold. It is grand to see them take their stand for Jesus in the ranks of the S. A., and testify to the saving and keeping power of God. They have pledged themselves to be true to the flag.—E. M.

## Already on the Rise.

Halifax I.—Adj. and Mrs. Dowell and Captain Doyle have just taken hold of the work here. Things are on the rise already. We are having good crowds, good open-air, souls are getting saved, and backsliders are coming home. May the Lord bless our leaders with grace and wisdom and understanding, that they may be a mighty blessing in this place.—Fras. Caslin.

## From Death unto Life.

Heart's Delight.—We are moving onward and upward. Souls are getting saved, and the soldiers are all on fire. As for our S.-D. target, that has passed from death unto life.—Phoebe J. Reid.

## Dancing Happy.

Jamesstown.—Notwithstanding the bad weather Sunday, we had good meetings. God was in our midst. In the afternoon we had the Rev. Mr. Heath and the Rev. Mr. Poole with us, and at night one precious soul cried to God for salvation. We had a hallooah wind-up, and everybody was dancing happy. Within the last few weeks we have been called upon to bury the wife of Sergt. W. Zacher. She had been a sufferer for many years, and was just waiting for the Lord to take her home. Our sympathy is with our bereaved comrade.—A. Cook.

people, and on Sunday two souls went their way to Calvary. On Wednesday, Capt. Gillam and Gamble spoke very feelingly on the conversion of John Morrison, the Moosomin murderer, and also another case of a Regina prisoner. One backslider returned to God. Capt. McKay has farewelled, and Captain Meyers and Lieut. Haugen are in charge. God is blessing our efforts in the salvation of souls. Sunday's meetings opened with a blessed assurance of souls, and we closed the day's fight with five seeking pardon. Many more are under conviction.—Albert A. Gardiner, J. S. S.-M.

## A Record Revealed.

Nanaimo.—Ensign Andrews, our new G. B. M. Agent, was with us for the week-end. We enjoyed the lantern service on Saturday night, and on Monday night the subject was "A Record Revealed," which was interesting. Capt. and Mrs. Jackson farewelled on Sunday night after nine months' faithful toil. They have made many friends here who were very sorry to see them go. Capt. Sheard succeeds them.—C. McDonald.

## Retired in Confusion.

Newmarket.—We are steadily marching forward. The meetings in the barracks and at the two outposts have been times of blessing and power. On Sunday last, from

cake and coffee social. A good crowd was present and enjoyed themselves. The program was very nice. Music was furnished by Ensign Fugh, Capt. Hickman, and Bro. and Sister Greenfield. The Ensign's solo took well. Mrs. Greenfield was encoered, and had to sing three solos. Mrs. Patterson's solo was also enjoyed by all. Last, but not least, little Dottie and Phyllis Adams sang a duet. The proceeds were for the benefit of the officers. On Tuesday night a load of soldiers went up to Bloomfield to enjoy the good things there. Ensign Fugh has been in very poor health of late, and was only at one meeting Sunday. May God lay His healing hand upon him. is our prayer.—Lillie Love.

## Prayed with a Saloon Keeper.

Rossland, B. C.—Last week we gave Ensign Andrews, our new T. F. S., a hearty welcome to the corps. His visit was a time of blessing. The meetings were well attended, and the Ensign did not forget to collect as many of God's dues as he could. Since last report four souls have sought salvation, two being backsliders. Last Thursday we prayed with a saloon keeper (a backslider) who was not only anxious about his own soul, but that of his wife and children, and promised God that he would give up that which was so dragging them down, and follow Him. Hal- lelujah! We are praying and believing for him. Last week we had a very successful coffee and cake social, and we are now busy preparing the Juniors for a demonstration. Capt. Southall is still leading us on.—G. Wardell, J. S. S.-M.

## Anywhere for Jesus.

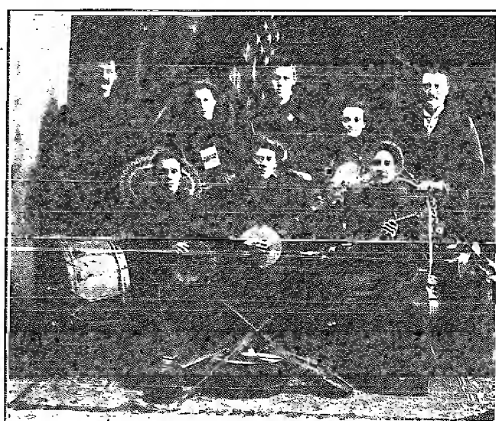
Spokane.—We are still having the joy of seeing sinners seeking Christ. We are expecting Adj. and Mrs. Ayre in a few days, to take charge of our corps. In the meantime Major and Mrs. Hargrave and Staff-Captain Taylor and Adj. and Mrs. Dodd are leading the meetings alternately. Adj. Smith is with us for a few days. On Sunday he gave us some very interesting information regarding his work among the Indians at Fort Simpson, describing how earnest they are in testifying of God's wonderful love. The Adjutant is a real blood-and-fire soldier, one who can be depended upon to go "anywhere for Jesus."—Joe Logan, R. C.

## Working Like Trojans.

St. John's I.—Things are looking brighter in this part of the battlefield. God has been wonderfully blessing us. Souls are being saved, finances are on the increase, and everything in general is going forward with greater vigor than ever before. Although there are not as many souls seeking salvation as we would like to see, yet we believe the time is not far distant when there will be a mighty turning to God. Conviction is stamped on many faces. We are in the midst of our Self-Denial effort, and Adj. McLean, assisted by our new C. O., Captain Brace, is working like a Trojan to make it a success.—Lieut. S. French.

## Made His Peace With God.

Summerside.—On Sunday night Capt. Anderson, who has labored here faithfully for the last two months, farewelled. God came in power, and there was much conviction. Five young men held up their hands for prayer, but would not yield, and the meeting closed. One of them felt he could not leave the building without making his peace with God, and God did save him. This makes two good cases this week. These are the droppings, but we are praying for the showers. Our cry is, "Oh, for a harvest of souls in this place!"—E. M. Chandler, Lieut.



Bozeman (Mont.) Braves.

## A Real Nor'-Wester.

Lethbridge.—Ensign Staiger, T. F. S., with his lantern service, entitled, "A Drunken Mother," drew large crowds to the hall, in the interests of the G. B. M. work. The second night also took the form of a lantern service, consisting of Bible stories, officers and leaders of the Army, and Sium and Prison-Gate work. This being the Ensign's first visit to Lethbridge, a curious crowd awaited his arrival at his first meeting, but, needless to say, he was welcomed with a real Nor'-Wester. Each night the power of God has been felt in our meetings. Souls are getting saved, and the soldiers are all alive to the responsibility of souls. Our Band of Love Sergt.-Major, Sister McKay, is the first sister wearing full uniform in this corps. Praise God for victory. We are hoping for other sisters to don the Army blue.—Wm. Farrow, R. C.

## The Murderer.

Moose Jaw.—The fight has been somewhat hard, some of our soldiers being away, but God's Spirit has been striving mightily with the

7 a.m. to 10 p.m. the troops fought a good fight, and at the finish we marched two prisoners into our King's garrison. Others retired in confusion, but we are still advancing, and believe we shall win. The S.-D. ship is on the stocks and we are believing for a successful launch and trip.—Froggie.

## Six Years' Continuous Fighting.

New Whatecom.—We have said good-bye to Capt. M. Millor, who farewelled on April 14th. After six years' continuous fighting, she has gone on two weeks' rest. Under her leadership the corps has been very much strengthened, both spiritually and in numbers. We all unite in saying, "God bless Captain Miller." While waiting for the new officers, the fight is carried on by Lieut. Buck, assisted by the soldiers and friends. The Army has some good friends here, who are always ready to help on the work, and by God's help we mean to keep up the fight.—S. M.

## An Enjoyable Time.

Pleton.—On Thursday, we had a

Hasty judgments are apt to be harsh.

## FOUR MEMORABLE DAYS AT KINGSTON.

The Chief Secretary and Colonel Bates, Assisted by Major Turner, Have Triumphant Times—Twenty-one Souls at the Mercy-Seat—A Visit to the Penitentiary and Officers' Councils.

**F**OR some time Kingston had been in a spirit of expectation owing to the fact that around about the city extensive announcements had been made that the local Salvation Army expected the Chief Secretary for the Dominion to shortly conduct a series of special gatherings. Prompt at noon on Saturday arrived the new Provincial Officer, from Montreal, and a few moments later we welcomed Colonel Jacobs. The Saturday night's meeting was a real live one. Mrs. Adjt. Moore read a welcome address, to which the Major replied fittingly. A good, live testimony meeting followed, after which the Colonel gave us a splendid talk, which seemed as a taste of what was to follow. Sunday, all day, was all that we could desire.

The Crowds, Finances, Open-Airs, and Results

were, to say the least, most gratifying, and the sight of the 16 Seniors and Juniors at the Mercy Seat seemed to repay us for the efforts put forth.

The Juniors were not by any means forgotten; during the Sunday afternoon the Colonel conducted the first part of the J. S. meeting, while the Major closed up the same.

Three Hours at the Cross.

After the splendid meetings on Sunday, everybody was full of expectation for the Monday night's meeting, which had been announced as "Three Hours at the Cross." By 8 p.m. the body of the large hall was nicely filled with an expectant crowd. Shortly after that hour the Colonel appeared, and immediately Major Turner launched the meeting by lining out a song. After the preliminaries were over the Colonel called upon Capts. Poole and Wilson for short addresses, and from the former we learned that receiving the second blessing had enabled him to become an efficient speaker for God.

Following this came a solo from Ensign Pugh, and the indispensable collection. With regard to the latter the Colonel said that taking up collections never hurt a meeting, so long as you took it up. What did hurt the meeting was the refusal of people to let go the cash so that it could be taken up. Needless to say the people did let go a nice little sum, which delighted Adjt. Moore.

Adjt. and Mrs. Kendall were then in turn welcomed enthusiastically, both giving short addresses. Amongst other things said by the Adjutant was that he found that there were too many people who could "talk" whose fitness to do so had not come through receiving "a second blessing," which, indeed, many of them did not enjoy.

In the intervals between the speeches, the Colonel had kept the meeting lively by starting and urging the people to sing several consecration choruses. The Colonel, on rising to speak, said that he found that there were too many people who could "talk" whose fitness to do so had not come through receiving "a second blessing," which, indeed, many of them did not enjoy.

Officers' Councils.

Wednesday, the day opened with an officers' council at 9:15 a.m. The

officers met in the upper room (Jerusalem) for prayer shortly before that hour, led by Adjt. Newman. The remarks of the Colonel were about work, knowledge, wisdom, and force. Space will not allow of any lengthy description of the splendid address. The officers were unanimous in their opinion that the Chief Secretary excelled himself. The Major, introducing him, said we were not often privileged in having the Colonel to talk to us. He spoke as one who had gone through about all stages of an officer's experience, and understood the F. O.'s life and difficulties. When the Colonel took the different headings of his subject and applied them forcefully to the F. O.'s everyday life, all felt the truth of what was said.

At 12 noon a party, headed by the Colonel, started for the Penitentiary to conduct

A Meeting with the Prisoners.

At Kingston the opportunity of doing good within the prison walls is very limited, the Army only being allowed to visit the Penitentiary once every three months. It was fortunately the date of visitation, so the League of Mercy sisters kindly gave way to some of the visiting officers to visit the institution in their place. Never shall I forget the sight as about 500 prisoners filed into the beautifully-decorated church—decorated by the convicts themselves, and assuredly a work of art. Pity indeed it was to see that some of them were mere lads of not more than 16 years.

Major Turner opened the meeting by lining out "In evil long I took delight," which was sung to the accompaniment of the impromptu string band, got together by the writer. Capt. Poole, the G. B. M. man, sang a solo, and Capt. Edwards prayed. Then the writer and Capt. McNaney sang a duet. "In childhood I knelt by my mother's knee," followed by an earnest, and necessarily short, prayer. The Colonel, on rising, was heartily clasped by the audience. For a quarter of an hour the Colonel spoke to that sea of upturned faces, the power of God to save from sin, and the writer noticed many serious faces. A choir of about 30 voices, sang the closing hymn, "Just as I am," to the strains of a sweet pipe organ, played by one of the prisoners.

I cannot close this report without saying tribute to the extreme kindness of the Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Cartwright, who not only placed every facility in our way for a successful service, but afterwards very kindly showed us all over the large institution. May God bless him and help him in his noble work.

At 2:30 p.m. we were re-assembled for council. The Colonel took an excellent subject for his address. His chief thought was that without the sanctifying, indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit, we, as officers, could not properly deliver God's message, and that no substitute would do in its place.

Colonel Bates, the International Auditor.

was present and addressed the officers. He said many cheering things, and especially delighted all by stating that the Army in the Dominion had made some wonderful all-round advances since his visit two and a half years ago. At 6 p.m. we found ourselves in the large Ontario Hall, which Adjt. Moore had rented for the purpose of holding a banquet. There was beautiful spread, and we all did justice to it, and went back to the barracks for what had been announced as an "Old-Time Jubilee." Rain had commenced to fall early in the day, and at march-time was still falling. It did not prevent us having a good march, however, and we arrived back ready to enjoy the final meeting of the Colonel's campaign.

A rousing free-and-easy song opened the meeting, led by the brass band. Several prayed, and then the impromptu campaign string band gave a selection, after which the different officers were given two minutes each to speak, but some of them, having received the "blessing" spoken of by Capt. Poole, overstepped their limit, so consequently many were confined to sentence testimonies as it were. Ensign Pugh soloed, "The Army is marching along." Then Col. Bates was introduced to the audience and he gave us a very pleasant and interesting talk, saying many complimentary things about our fair Dominion. A guitar trio by Slater Downey, Capt. McNaney, and the writer preceded the Chief Secretary's address, and then the sinners in the building had a pretty warm half hour. The Colonel waded in in his inimitable style, and did not spare. When the pool was opened one young man, a soldier of the King, volunteered to the Mercy Seat. A stiff prayer meeting was fought, but none others would yield. The doxology was sung, and thus ended one of the best campaigns Kingston had ever seen.—Ensign Pugh.

## Brig. Sharp's Travels.

The Eastern Provincial Officer Visits Springhill District—Nineteen

Souls Forward—Four Soldiers Enrolled—Three Candidates Made.

Our first meeting was Sackville, where we had an interesting and profitable meeting. Capt. Green and Lieut. McLennan are struggling on here in spite of the hardness of the light.

At Amherst God came very near. After a faithful and straightforward address by the Brigadier, we rejoiced in seeing Four Precious Souls at the Cross. In the same meeting the Brigadier also enrolled four new soldiers under the flag. The fight at Amherst is rather uphill work, but Capt. Greenland is doing her utmost to push the war. We much regret that Cadet Reeves has, for some weeks, been confined to his bed. We earnestly pray she may soon recover.

Saturday we pushed on to Springhill. This place is, I might name it: it is a hill, and although one of the highest points in Nova Scotia, there is no want of water; it is, indeed, full of springs. Here the miners toil away hundreds of feet under ground to bring up the coal, which is so necessary to modern life. We are most impressed with the strong Army feeling which seems to fill the very atmosphere. It was here the Brigadier held his Saturday and Sunday, and although there were counter attractions, yet we rejoiced over seeing Twelve Souls getting their hearts made free through the precious blood of Jesus. The Brigadier laid hold of the hearts and consciences of the people, by the power of the Holy Spirit, which was in his own life and words, and many more felt the need of coming to God.

Monday we visited Parrashoro, and again we rejoiced over Two More Souls at the fountain of cleansing. Here Capt. Bowering and wife have got a good hold, and the tide is rising for a real soul-saving period.

Tuesday we returned to Springhill, and there met the officers of the District. The Brigadier's words and counsel were inspiring and heart-searching. At night we pitched in for a red-hot, soul-saving time, and, thank God, One Soul came and found pardon. Early next morning the Brigadier and his Aid, D. C. Captain Flemming, took the train for other parts, rejoicing over nineteen at the altar, four enrolled, and three Candidates for the trip. We all say, "Come again soon, Brigadier!"—The Cyclist.

NEXT WEEK:—

The Self-Denial War Cry. Same price.

## THE MASTER OF SELF-DENIAL.

(To our frontispiece.)

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me."—Jesus.

We have the Founder of Christianity, Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, and the Son of God, for our authority in preaching and practicing Self-Denial. Whatever systems of religion have existed before Christ's incarnation, or sprung up since, have taught self-denial, if at all, but as a minor virtue. Self-denial was the first act of the redemption of the world; Christ denied Himself of His most exalted rank as the Son of God, and became in flesh and blood, Jesus, the carpenter's Son.

Self-denial can be traced across the pages of the Gospel in whatever manner they reveal to us His life among men.

While learning the great lesson of denying ourselves, the sake of others, or, for that matter, for the sake of our own soul's welfare, Christ's life teaches us also that

Self-Denial Does Not Mean Self-Torture.

The Fakirs of Hindoostan, the Dervish of the Moslem, and the Trappist monk of the early Christian faith, all made the fatal mistake that to deny oneself meant to torture the body. What an error! God did not create that magnificent organism, the human body, that it should be wearily starved, lacerated, defaced, and crippled! No, our bodies were given us to be the Temple of the Holy Spirit, and who has a right to deface and mar the Temple of God? If suffering of the body, that is, heat and cold, hunger, pain, and torture, has to be endured for the Kingdom's sake, then it is justifiable and

Commendable Self-Sacrifice.

as in the case of Jesus' suffering and cruel death, but note that the suffering, which Christ endured was inflicted by others, and inflicted wrongly, but borne willingly, and without a murmur, that salvation may come to all the human race.

Self-Denial as seen in the life of our Lord, then, means the denial of self whenever its demands interfere with the claims of God and our neighbor. For instance, when I enjoy a good dinner in the presence of a man who has gone without food for a day, self-denial demands that I should give up my dinner to satisfy first the hunger of my neighbor. Now I have a right to one efficient nourishment to sustain the health and comfort of the body, but in the presence of an unfortunate one, who stands more in need of food at the time, Christ demands that I should deny the claims of self in order to meet the greater claim of my neighbor.

Or when, to satisfy the claims of self becomes indulgence, self should be denied, for indulgence of self means starvation to the soul. The body must ever be kept in the place of a valuable servant but never allowed to become the master. Then Self-Denial means that

The Soul is Master

and compels obedience of the appetites of the flesh. Hence Self-Denial ceases to be an irksome practice to those who realize its blessings; but becomes at once the bit and bridle of self, to make it the useful vehicle to carry the soul to its desired destiny.

Self-Denial is an essential manifestation of love. Where no Self-Denial is practiced no true love is known. If we truly love we delight in denying ourselves to give pleasure to the object of our love. If we say we love God and souls, and never deny ourselves to assist God in saving souls we deceive ourselves, and know not Christ.

So let us, then, diligently seek to imitate our safe Example, even Christ, in all things, and learn the secret of usefulness and happiness in Self-Denial from Him who was the Master of it for our sakes.



CHA

Theodorle

Avitus was a Romanus grew v the year 457 th a chief of the t Suavi, he drive went back to G beautiful palace ten months Ric Suevo, Majoria who had been us. He showed spirited; led a and attacked G beaten, and can Reimer was him, forced h after poisoned h

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## CHAPTER LII.

## Theodoric the Ostrogoth.

Avitus was a good man, but the Romans grew weary of him, and in the year 457 they engaged Ricimer, a chief of the Teutonic tribe called Suevi, to drive him out, when he went back to Gaul, where he had a beautiful palace and garden. After ten months Ricimer chose another Suevi, Majorian, to be Emperor, who had been a captain under Avitus. He showed himself brave and spirited; led an army into Spain and attacked Geseoric; but he was beaten, and came back disappointed. Ricimer was, however, jealous of him, forced him to resign, and soon after poisoned him.

After this Ricimer reily ruled Italy, but he seemed to have a sort of awe of the title of Caesar Augustus, the Emperor, for he refused to use it himself, and gave it to one poor weak wretch after another until his death in 472. His nephew went on in the same course; but at last a soldier named Orestes, of Roman birth, gained the chief power and set up as Emperor his own little son, whose Christian name was Romulus Augustus. At the end of a year a Teutonic chief named Odoacer crossed the Alps at the head of a great mixture of different German tribes, and Orestes could make no stand against him, but was taken and put to death. His little boy was spared and was placed at Sorrento; but Odoacer sent the crown and robes of the West to Zeno, the Eastern Emperor, saying that one Roman power in 476, exactly twelve centuries after the date of the founding of Rome. It was thought that this was meant by the twelve virtues seen by Romulus, and that the seven which Romulus and denoted the seven centuries that the Republic stood. It was curious, too, that it should be with the two names of Romulus and Augustus that Rome and her empire fell.

Odoacer called himself king, and, indeed, the Western Empire had been nearly all seized by different kings—the Vandal kings in Africa, the Gothic kings in Spain and Southern Gaul, the Burgundian kings and Frank kings in Northern Gaul, the Saxo kings in Britain. The Ostro or Eastern Goths, who had since the time of Valens dwelt on the banks of the Danube, had been subdued by Attila, but recovered their freedom after his death. One of their young chiefs named Theodoric was sent as a hostage to Constantinople, and there learned much. He became king of the Eastern Goths in 470, and showed himself such a dangerous neighbor to the Eastern Empire that he was to be rid of him the Emperor Zeno advised him to go and attack Odoacer in Italy. The Ostrogoths marched seven hundred miles, and came over the Alps into the plains of Northern Italy, where Odoacer fought with them bravely, but was beaten. They besieged him even to Ravenna, till, after three years, he was obliged to surrender, and was put to death.

Rome could make no defence, and fell into Theodoric's hands with the rest of Italy; but he was by far the best of the conquerors—he did not hurt or misuse them, and only wished his Goths to learn of them and become peaceful farmers. He gave them the lands which had lost their owners; about thirty or forty thousand families were settled there by him on the waste lands, and the Romans who were left took courage and worked, too.

Theodoric was an Arian, but he did not persecute the Catholics, and to such persons as changed their profession of faith to please him he showed no more favor, saying that those who were not faithful to their God would never be faithful to any earthly master. He reigned thirty-three years, but grew irritable and distrustful with age; and the Romans, on the other hand, forgot that they were not the free, prosperous

nation of old, and dispensed him. Two of their very best men, Boethius and Symmachus, were by him kept for a long time prisoners at Rome and then put to death.

Theodoric kept up a correspondence with the other Gothic kings wherever a tribe of his people dwelt, even as far as Sweden and Denmark, but as even he could not write, and only had a seal with the letters with which to make his signature, the whole was conducted in Latin by Roman slaves on either side, who interpreted to their masters. An immense number of letters from Theodoric's secretary are preserved, and show what an able man his master was, and how well he deserved his name of "The Great." He died in 526, leaving only two daughters. Their two sons, Amalric and Athalaric, divided the Eastern and Western Goths between them again.

Seven Gothic kings reigned over Northern Italy after Theodoric. They were fierce and restless, but had nothing like his strength and spirit, and they chiefly lived in the more northern cities—Milan, Verona and Ravenna, leaving Rome to be a tributary city to them, where there still remained the old names of Senate and Consuls, but the person who was generally most looked up to and trusted was the Pope. All this time Rome was leavening the nations who had conquered her. When they tried to learn civilized ways, it was from her; they learned to speak her tongue, never wrote but in Latin, and worshipped with Latin prayers and services. Far above all, these conquerors learned Christianity from the Romans. When everything else was ruined, the Bishops and clergy remained, and became the chief counselors and advisers of many of these kings.

Love is the life blood of Christianity.

Plensing preaching is rarely profitable.

Take care of your life: the Lord will take care of your death.

## BARRIE'S BIG TIME.

(By wire.)

Major Pickering and Staff-Captain Stanyon enthusiastically received by Barrie soldiers and citizens. Good crowd of four scores, and offerings more than doubled for the Sunday. Lecture, "Ten years in modern Babylon" in Presbyterian Church Monday night. Rev. Dr. McLeod presided. Audience held spellbound one hour and thirty minutes. Congregation moved to tears by touching incidents related. Thirty dollars income for week-end. All glory to our King.—W. H. Burrows.

## AS LITTLE CHILDREN.

You have the child's character in these four things—humility, faith, charity, and cheerfulness. That is what you have got to be converted to. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children." You hear much in these days of conversion, but people always seem to think they have got to be made wretched by conversion—to be converted to long faces. No, friends, you have got to be converted to short ones; you have to repeat into childhood, to repeat into delight and childlikeness.—Ruskin.

## HOME.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One early glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance, and beauty, so kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the sacred spot called home. No matter how humble the abode, if it be sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn longingly towards it from all the tumults of the world; and home, if it be ever so homely, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.



## A Faithful Soldier Called Home from London.

It is our sad duty to report the death of one of our oldest and best soldiers, Slater Hunt, who, during the early days of the Army here felt her need of a Saviour, and was willing to pay the price. Since that time she has been an example of faithfulness to God and the flag, testifying by her life and uniform to the saving and keeping power of God. On Friday, Major and Mrs. McMillan, assisted by Staff-Capt. Rawling, Adj. and Mrs. McGilivray, Capt. Crawford and the brass band, conducted the funeral service. A few words of testimony to the godly, consistent life of our glorified comrade were spoken by Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Bundy, and Mrs. Jarvis. Major McMillan and Adj. McGilivray also spoke of our comrade's life, and words of comfort to the bereaved ones.

On Sunday night the Adjutant conducted the memorial service. Sergt. Major Andrews spoke of the definite testimony Slater Hunt gave in the barracks two weeks previous to her death. Slater Hunt said that she had a salvation which made her fit to live, and if God should call her she was ready to die. Blessed experiences! Beautiful hope expressed! Adj. and Mrs. McGilivray sang, "We shall reap as we have sown."

## Ready at the Call.

Morton's Harbinger.—"Henry Jennings is very ill, and they have gone for the doctor," was the sudden and unexpected news to us and the neighborhood in which he lived. Only the day before he had walked in the funeral procession of another brother, and now comes the startling news of his own illness. This was on a Thursday. He lingered for nine days, but a shattered system made the fight a hard one against the twin diseases, gripe and pneumonia, and at last nature gave way and death came. His was a triumphant end. "If we live right we shall die right," was again exemplified in our comrade's death. As a soldier and Sergeant in this corps for a number of years, he manifested an earnest spirit in all that he did, working with heart and soul in all things pertaining to the corps, and ever foremost in doing good and helping others. He was at his post whenever possible, and never seemed to spare himself when engaged in his Master's work. There was not the shadow of a doubt, as he lay on a bed of suffering, looking death in the face, about his acceptance with Christ; and he had much on earth to cling to, having a large family, who were very much attached to him—the youngest about four years old. His faith in Christ conquered, and he left them in his Heavenly Father's care. God, in His goodness, vouchsafed to him a glimpse into the unseen glories that await the faithful. "Oh," he said, a few hours before he died, "it was beautiful. I could not look long at it, it was dazzling," and now God has taken him there to his reward. We miss him in the corps, a faithful soldier; we could not afford to lose him. He will be missed in his home; a hard-working man, a kind husband and father.

His wish for an Army funeral was carried out as far as possible, and a large crowd assembled to pay their last respects to one who was esteemed by all. The service was conducted by Capt. Pitcher, and was a solemn occasion, the grief of the family being very touching. The need of being ready was pressed forcibly home to the unsaved, and we believe an impression was made which will not be easily forgotten. We ask the prayers of the faithful for the bereaved family, two of whom are soldiers, and one a Corps-Cadet.—W., for Capt. Pitcher.



ST. SEVERINUS AND ODOACER.

What the sword failed to subdue, readily succumbed to the influence of Christianity through the self-denying, loving lives of its early apostles and missionaries. So today the Salvation Army accomplishes wonders with the criminal, vicious, and undisciplined classes, where the law and other means have failed. If you cannot be a Salvationist, you can help with your substance.

# OUR HUSTLERS HONOR ROLL

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

99 Hustlers.	
Lieut. White, Fredericton	232
Lieut. Murrough, Sydney	200
S. M. Cashin, Halifax I.	150
P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton	140
S. M. Vennot, Halifax II.	140
Capt. Clark, Chatham	110
Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Halifax I.	110
Lieut. McKim, Liverpool	100
Serjt. Matthews, New Glasgow	100
Capt. Z. Martin, Charlottetown	100
Cadet Holder, Digby	85
Cadet Duncan, Newcastle	85
Lieut. Vandine, Truro	82
Mrs. Adjt. Fraser, Windsor	80
S. M. Smith, Windsor	80
Capt. Andrews, Truro	76
Lieut. Redmond, St. Stephen	75
Lieut. McKie, Hampton	75
Mrs. Capt. Parsons, Calais	70
Capt. Bradbury, St. John	70
Capt. McEachern, St. Stephen	70
Capt. Lorimer, Campbellton	70
Capt. Andrews, Truro	70
Capt. Leadley, New Glasgow	65
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, Campbellton	65
M. Myles, Kentville	65
D. Martin, Glace Bay	61
Serjt. Armstrong, St. John III.	61
Serjt. Mayhew, Charlottetown	60
Capt. Force, Canning	55
P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	55
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Glace Bay	54
S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	54
Cand. Tuckett, Glace Bay	50
Serjt. Selig, Halifax I.	50
Serjt. Burgess, Halifax I.	50
Serjt. Fairweather, St. John III.	45
Lieut. A. Young, Woodstock	45
Serjt. Jones, St. John III.	45
Lieut. Fraser, Bridgewater	45
Capt. Hawbold, Annapolis	40
Serjt. Blekham, Windsor	40
C. C. Godson, Woodstock	36
Adjt. Wiggins, New Glasgow	36
Mrs. Fraser, New Glasgow	35
F. Adams, St. John V.	35
S. Bishop, Parrishow	34
Ensign Larder, Halifax II.	34
J. Wilson, Bridgetown	32
C. McDonald, Bridgetown	32
Serjt. McDow, Dartmouth	30
Capt. Parsons, Calais	30
Mrs. Ensign Allan, Woodstock	30
Ensign Knight, Westville	30
Capt. Taylor, Sussex	30
Lieut. Chandler, Summerside	30
Lieut. Netting, Stellarton	30
Capt. Ryan, Bear River	30
Lieut. McWilliam, Carleton	30
Lieut. Jones, Houlton	30
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Dartmouth	29
Mrs. Young, Springhill	29
P. S. M. Ritchie, Dartmouth	28
Mrs. Louther, Summerside	28
C. C. McKenney, New Glasgow	28
J. Chase, Fredericton	28
Capt. G. Hudson, Carleton	26
Capt. Piercey, St. John II.	25
Mrs. Ross, Fredericton	25
S. M. Treadwell, Newcastle	25
Lieut. Thistle, Halifax I.	25
M. Fisher, Halifax I.	25
Ensign Parsons, St. John III.	25
Lieut. Tatem, St. John II.	25
Ensign Allan, Woodstock	25
Serjt. England, Chatham	25
Serjt. Moore, Charlottetown	25
Capt. N. Smith, St. John III.	23
M. Marshall, St. John III.	20
Capt. McElheney, St. John I.	20
S. M. Collins, Halifax I.	20
Serjt. Beatty, Fredericton	20
Serjt. Martin, Truro	20
Capt. B. Green, Sackville	20
Serjt. Sharpam, Windsor	20
S. Taylor, Freeport	20
Lieut. Munro, North Head	20
Sister McFadden, New Glasgow	20
Sister Lovely, Parrishow	20
Capt. Thompson, Dartmouth	20
Serjt. J. Mercer, Dartmouth	20
Lieut. Harding, North Sydney	20
Ensign Knight, Westville	20
Capt. J. Miller, Bridgewater	20
Capt. Tilley, Liverpool	20
E. Ebbary, Lunenburg	20
C. C. Gidlett, North Sydney	20
C. C. Maynard, North Sydney	20
Lieut. Pemberton, Freeport	20

## WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

91 Hustlers.	
Capt. Copeman, Brantford	264
Capt. Crawford, London	170
Capt. Horwood, Windsor	170
Mrs. Pro-Capt. Rock, Berlin	160

Lieut. Yeomans, Sarnia	110
Capt. Malsey, St. Thomas	110
Ensign Gamble, Chatham	100
Lieut. Erb, Chatham	100
Mrs. Capt. Coy. Stratford	80
Capt. Carr, Petrolia	80
Capt. Fox, Leamington	80
Emma McDougall, Goderich	75
Ensign Hollett, Galt	75
Lieut. Craft, Galt	75
Capt. Heater, Clinton	70
Ensign Slope, Stratford	70
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	69
Mrs. Wright, Ingersoll	62
Ensign Jarvis, Hespeler	60
Sister Allen, Mitchell	60
Capt. Bonny, Norwich	60
Lottie Butcher, Stratford	60
Miriam Broderick, Stratford	60
Lieut. Stickells, Leamington	55
Capt. Jordinson, Bismarck	55
Capt. Knuckie, Sarnia	50
Capt. Gibson, Leamington	50
Adjt. Wakefield, London	50
Serjt. Palmer, London	50
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Ridgeway	50
Capt. Pickle, Forest	50
S. M. Glover, Dresden	50
Maude Stage, Wallaceburg	50
Adjt. Blackburn, Simcoe	47
Capt. Williams, Guelph	45
Lieut. Crank, Bismarck	45
Capt. Harman, Tilsonburg	45
Capt. Yeomans, Essex	45
Capt. Ringler, Wingham	45
Sister Irwin, Wingham	45
Lieut. Allen, Tilsonburg	40
Capt. Groombridge, Chedford	40
Capt. Stitzer, Goderich	40
Mrs. Hoffman, Woodstock	40
Capt. Welsh, Simcoe	40
Lieut. Cook, Forest	35
Capt. Haley, Palmerston	35
Capt. Cox, Peterborough	35
Lieut. Greenwood, Watford	35
Lieut. Edwards, Seaford	35
Lieut. Fennacy, Watford	35
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	30
Mrs. Allen, Wallaceburg	30
P. S. M. Knapp, Ingersoll	30
Corps-Cadet Dixon, St. Thomas	30
Clyda Downs, St. Thomas	30
Nellie Langley, St. Thomas	30
Mrs. Lamb, Stratford	30
Capt. Backus, Petrolia	30
Mrs. Slope, Stratford	30
Mrs. Tyrrell, Woodstock	25
Treas. Mrs. Harris, London	25
Mrs. Broadwell, Kingston	25
Lieut. Smith, Ingersoll	25
Capt. Coy. Stratford	25
S. M. Melroy, St. Thomas	25
J. S. S. M. Ho, St. Thomas	25
Sister Bryson, Petrolia	25
Serjt. Chisener, Petrolia	25
Ensign Hallam, Petrolia	25
Mother Cutting, Essex	25
Bro. Drysinger, Hespeler	25
Bro. McColl, Drayton	25
Capt. Plant, Drayton	24
Capt. Kitchen, Guelph	24
Capt. Hancock, Paris	23
Fred Falcott, Ridgeway	20
Bro. Musgrove, Wroxeter	20
Lieut. Barner, Palmerston	20
Ensign Scott, Clinton	20
Ensign Crawford, Goderich	20
Stanley Gaumage, Chatham	20
Pearl Hartacre, Chatham	20
Bro. Christoffer, Dresden	20
Bro. Ellis, Dresden	20
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	20
Lieut. Burney, Wallaceburg	20
Marshall Benn, Windsor	20
Sister Locke, Brussels	20
Capt. Wiseman, Wyoming	20

## CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

75 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Currell, Hamilton I.	209
Capt. Carwardine, Dundas	93
Ethel White, Barrie	84
Capt. Hanna, Barrie	84
Capt. Repp, St. Catharines	84
Lieut. Wilson, St. Catharines	84
Ensign Lott, Parry Sound	84
Cadet West, Lippincott St.	63
Capt. Christopher, Orangeville	60
Serjt. Bowcock, Lippincott	50
Serjt. Mrs. Stewart, Ligar St.	50
Capt. Matthews, North Bay	50
Mrs. Hanna, Collingwood	50
Lieut. Bone, North Bay	50
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	50
Lieut. Meador, Sudbury	50
Lena Kennedy, Yorkville	50
Adjt. Walker, Riverside	50

Lieut. Gravette, Riverside	50
Capt. Meeka, Barrie	48
Lieut. Coy. Hamilton I.	48
Serjt. Bowman, Temple	46
Lieut. Macberville, Uxbridge	40
Capt. Stilliker, Riverside	40
Mrs. Capt. Liston, Orillia	40
Sis. Palmer, Orillia	40
Cadet Keata, Lippincott	39
Serjt. Grosert, Temple	38
Lieut. Marskell, Little Current	37
Serjt. Kane, St. Catharines	35
Capt. Stephens, Owen Sound	35
Capt. McLennan, Owen Sound	35
Sister McKinnon, Owen Sound	35
P. S. M. Tyler, Bowmanville	35
Capt. Stickells, Hamilton II.	34
Lieut. Griffiths, Hamilton II.	34
Capt. Fisher, Meaford	34
Adjt. Burrows, Barrie	34
Cadet Grandell, Lippincott	33
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville	32
Ens. McDonald, Dovercourt	32
Sis. Medlock, Temple	30
Capt. Banks, Bracebridge	30
Capt. Brooks, Aurora	29
Lieut. Stickells, Aurora	27
Capt. Clink, Aurora	26
Lieut. Jago, Meaford	26
Capt. McCann, Huron St.	25
Capt. Hurvill, Huron St.	25
C. C. McKearney, Riverside	25
Serjt. Stephens, St. Catharines	25
Bro. Langridge, Huron St.	23
Capt. Pascock, Uxbridge	23
Capt. Murray, Temple	23
Capt. Bond, Huntsville	23
P. S. M. Stundon, Bracebridge	23
Capt. Marshall, Faversham	21
Capt. Stephens, Fenelon Falls	21
Sis. Briggs, Brooklin	21
Lieut. McGregor, Hamilton	21
Capt. Calvert, Brampton	21
Capt. Liddard, Fenelon Falls	20
S. M. Stata, Fenelon Falls	20
T. Dover, Bracebridge	20
Pro. Miller, Bracebridge	20
Capt. Fenwick, Fenelon Falls	20
Cadet Ellis, Temple	20
P. S. M. Southwell, Huron St.	20
Capt. Liston, Orillia	20
H. Bennett, Ligar St.	20
Mrs. Selgin Sims, Ligar St.	20
Capt. Downes, Yorkville	20
Nellie Glenville, Bowmanville	20

## EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

74 Hustlers.	
Capt. Tytus, Burlington	159
Capt. Hickman, Picton	130
Lieut. Hicks, Barre	130
P. S. M. Dudley, Ottawa	126
Capt. Yake, St. Johnsbury	115
P. S. M. Hiddle, Montreal I.	115
Capt. Owens, Sherbrooke	100
Adjt. Moore, Kingston	100
Serjt. Rogers, Montreal II.	100
Mrs. Adjt. Kendall, Ottawa	87
Lieut. Sherburne, Campbellford	82
Lieut. Rutledge, Gannanque	80
Mrs. Edwards, Ottawa	75
Lieut. Holliday, Prescott	75
Capt. Gammage, St. Albans	75
Lieut. St. John, Ottawa	75
Capt. Green, Trenton	70
Lieut. Langley, Cobourg	70
Capt. Bethune, Burlington	70
Serjt. Shaver, Montreal I.	65
Serjt. Moore, Montreal I.	60
Lieut. Vaughn, Brockville	60
Capt. Vance, Pembroke	58
Adjt. Babington, Peterboro	56
Capt. Burtch, Montreal II.	56
Capt. Lang, Montreal II.	56
P. S. M. Yeale, Barre	56
Capt. Edwards, Deseronto	55
Capt. Magee, Morrisburg	53
Lieut. Liddell, Morrisburg	53
Capt. Wilson, Port Hope	50
Capt. Randall, Port Hope	50
Mrs. Redfern, Peterboro	50
Capt. Slater, Arnprior	46
Lieut. Hoole, Napanee	46
Mrs. King, Napanee	46
Adjt. Kendall, Ottawa	46
Mrs. Adjt. Moore, Kingston	46
Ida Lowrie, Kingston	40
Mrs. Simons, Kingston	40
Lieut. Bryan, Newport	40
Capt. A. Brander, Carman	40
Capt. Woods, Sunbury	36
Ensign Yerex, Newport	34
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	32
Lieut. Bushy, Kempsville	30
Capt. Newell, Kempsville	30
Serjt. Hippo, Montreal I.	30
Miss Chillingworth, Montreal IV.	30
Capt. Norman, Quebec	30
Capt. Grose, Quebec	30
Mrs. Omond, Ottawa	30
Bro. Spink, Ogdensburg	26
Mrs. Wheelock, Kingston	25
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	25
Mrs. Downey, Kingston	25
Mrs. Kimberley, Arnprior	25



## The Eastern Star Drops Below One Hundred—Nigger Beats Mag—Currell Holds the Laurel—Wreath.

The Eastern list reaches 99, having been unable to add the one boomer to make it the round hundred. Now, while 99 is a very respectable number, yet, judging from the "has been," there should never be a list below one hundred from the East. Doubtless this will prove true of the average during the year.

Arab is persevering—or rather regaining—his dignity by a record of 91. Figger is doing well under his new master, and beats Mag this week by one. This is to be an indication that henceforth he will consider Mag as irreversibly left behind, and he will go on to dispute Arab's laurels.

The North-West maintains a fair list, while the Pacific is rather shy as to numbers, but has some big hustlers among its boomer. Newfoundland has not yet had time to show the effects of Major Smeaton's systematic efforts, but we must patiently wait before passing an opinion, good, bad, or indifferent.

Currell still has the banner towering away above every other boomer in her "300" glory. Capt. Copman, of Brantford, is second with 264, and Lieut. White, of the East third. Other leading boomers are Lieut. Murrough (209), Mrs. Adjt. McGill (190), and Capt. Crawford (160).

J. S. M. De Witte, Picton	25
Ensign Magee, Lacelles	25
Stephen Stancel, Carleton Place	25
Mrs. Watts, Kingston	23
Bro. Clark, Bloomfield	21
Father Duquett, Trenton	20
Mrs. Jewell, Trenton	20
John Watson, Trenton	20
Adjt. Donnelly, Millbrook	20
J. S. M. Russell, Millbrook	20
Sis. Montgomery, Brockville	20
Serjt. Vauco, Montreal I.	20
Serjt. Lewis, Montreal I.	20
Sis. Kane, Montreal I.	20
Miss Gillan, Montreal IV.	20

## NORTH-WEST.

60 Hustlers.	
Lieut. J. Cook, Rat Portage	125
Lieut. E. Gamble, Moorhead	90
Capt. Livingstone, Edmonton	90
Lieut. G. Papstein, Winnipeg	88
Capt. Blodgett, Brandon	85
Ensign M. Collett, Fargo	78
Lieut. A. Cook, Jamestown	74
Lieut. A. Lawford, Fargo	74
Mrs. Capt. W. White, Portage la Prairie	72
Capt. A. Pearce, Port William	70
Lieut. E. Cusler, Port William	70
Serjt. Maj. Mrs. Michael, Devil's Lake	68
Mrs. Ens. Habbick, Grand Forks	67
Mrs. Capt. Wilkins, Devil's Lake	62
Serjt. D. Taylor, Winnipeg	60
Lieut. C. Potter, Grafton	60
Sis. M. Lewis, Winnipeg	58
Ensign A. Taylor, Calgary	55
Adjt. A. Thomas, Lethbridge	50
Annie Pearce, Calgary	46
Lieut. L. Dunbar, Selkirk	46
Lieut. A. White, Prince Albert	46
Mrs. Adjt. McAmmond, Winnipeg	45
Cadet McLaren, Port Arthur	45
Lieut. L. Nuttall, Minot	44
Capt. A. Brander, Carman	44
Capt. H. Anderson, Minot	42
Lieut. A. Quist, Virden	40
Capt. S. Draper, Souris	40
Mrs. Capt. Gillam, Regina	40
Capt. J. Ferguson, Port Arthur	40
Capt. H. Taylor, Neepawa	40
Capt. H. Habbick, Dauphin	40
Capt. A. Bauson, Bismarck	40
Lieut. B. Moller, Moorhead	38
Lieut. A. Lenwick, Bismarck	37
Capt. H. Lethbridge	37
Capt. Mercer, Moosomin	34
Capt. N. Myers, Moosejaw	34
Capt. N. Smith, Medicine Hat	34
Capt. Kennil, Valley City	31

Lieut. W. Morris, Port Arthur	
Capt. McKay, Moorhead	
Treas. St. Johns, Minot	
Cadet Heddens, Grand Forks	
Lieut. A. Haugen, Medora	
Serjt. Mrs. Smith, Winnipeg	
Capt. W. White, Port Arthur	
Lieut. W. Oxenrider, Grand Forks	
Cadet Battley, Grand Forks	
Lieut. D. Cusler, Brantford	
Capt. D. Meyers, Rat I.	
Lieut. D. McRae, Lar	
Cadet W. Mansell, Grand Forks	
Lieut. Engdahl, Moorhead	
Serjt. W. Chapman, Moorhead	
Serjt. M. Chapman, Moorhead	
Sis. E. Chapman, Winnipeg	
Capt. S. Glover, Minot	
Capt. Barrager, Laramie	

## PACIFIC PROVINCES.

37 Hustlers	
Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Nelson	
Bro. Preston, Spokane	
Capt. Darrach, Billings	
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Butte	
Capt. A. Hurst, Victoria	
W. Steele, Fernie	
Lieut. Owen, Everett	
Ensign May, Everett	
Capt. Krell, Missoula	
Mrs. Capt. Brown, I.	
Lieut. Buck, New Westminster	
Capt. Walruth, Great Falls	
Capt. Dales, Bozeman	
Mrs. Woodthorpe, Vancouver	
Capt. Miller, New Westminster	
Mrs. Hooker, Wallace	
Capt. Galt, Lewiston	
Capt. Le Drew, Spokane	
Serjt. Glen, Butte	
Treas. Mortimer, Victoria	
Mrs. Terryberry, Vancouver	
Mrs. Gaskill, Vancouver	
Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo	
Serjt. S. Peak, Port B.	
Capt. Nesbitt, Great Falls	
Lieut. Holder, Revelstoke	
Capt. Sheard, Revelstoke	
Capt. Boyver, Dillon	
Carrie Bowles, Vancouver	
P. S. M. Tom, Whistler	
Capt. Scott, Lewiston	
Mrs. Hill, Vancouver	
Capt. Perrenoud, Shuswap	
Lieut. Macpherson, Shuswap	
Sister Ennis, Missoula	
Lieut. Avery, Butte	
Capt. Bell, Butte	







SELECTED BY MRS. ADJUTANT  
DOWELL, NEW GLASGOW, N.S.

Mrs. Adj. Dowell is a native of Newfoundland, and, with her husband, consecrated herself to the Salvation War in November, 1880, after having fought faithfully as a soldier for some years. Mrs. Dowell plays an important part at the front of the fight, and might be termed "The Singing Evangelist." May God bless both the Adjutant and Mrs. Dowell in their present command—the New Glasgow Corps and District.



#### HOLINESS.

Tune.—Rocked in the cradle of the deep (B.J. 66).

1 O Lord, I come just now to Thee.  
Bound down by fear, and doubt,  
Thou only canst my spirit free.  
And make me clean and pure within.

#### Chorus.

I can, I do believe in Thee!  
For Thou hast shed Thy blood for me!  
The cleansing stream now sets me free.  
The blood, the blood of Calvary!

My idols now I cast aside.  
All doubtful things I put away;  
My life I place at Thy command.  
Thy voice in all things to obey.

I give myself to Thee to save,  
And cleanse—out all that's wrong  
in me.  
That I no other aim may have  
But live to serve and honor Thee.

#### GLORY IN MY SOUL.

Tune.—(Sic of beauty (B.J. 115).

2 Rose of Sharon, full of beauty,  
Crimso. Flower of Calvary.  
Life immortal, heaven's glory.  
Thou art beautiful to me.  
Blessings teeming, grace is stream-  
ing.

I can feel life's river roll;  
What a holy, happy feeling!  
This is glory in my soul.

#### Chorus.

This is glory, this is glory,  
This is glory in my soul.

Full redemption, new creation,  
None can tell what grace is worth;  
What a jewel is salvation.  
Holiness is heaven on earth.  
This is fullness without measure.  
Something lovely to behold.  
I have found the heavenly treasure.  
This is glory in my soul.

Perfect cleansing, holy gladness,  
From the power of sin set free.  
Over Satan, sin, and sadness.  
I have got the victory.  
Marching forward with endurance.  
I shall reach the heavenly goal.  
I have got the best assurance.  
This is glory in my soul.

#### WONDERFUL STORY OF LOVE.

3 Wonderful story of love!  
Tell it to me again.  
Wonderful story of love!  
Awakes the immortal strain.  
Angels with rapture announce it,

Shepherds with wonder receive it.  
Sinner, oh, won't you believe it?  
Wonderful story of love!

#### Chorus.

Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love.  
Wonderful story of love!

Wonderful story of love!  
Though thou art far away.  
Wonderful story of love!  
Still He doth call each day.  
Calling from Calvary's Mountain.  
Down from the crystal bright moun-  
tain.

E'en from the dawn of creation.  
Wonderful story of love!

Wonderful story of love!  
Jesus provides a rest.  
Wonderful story of love!  
For all the pure and blest.  
Rest in those mountains above us.  
With those who've gone before us.  
Singing with rapturous chorus.  
Wonderful story of love!

#### WAR AND EXPERIENCE.

Tune.—Redeeming love (B.B. 70,  
B.J. 26).

4 Oh, how happy are we who the  
Saviour obey,  
And have laid up our treasures  
above;

Tongue can never express the sweet  
comfort and peace.  
Of a soul filled with Jesus' love.

#### Chorus.

We'll all shout "Hallelujah!" as we  
march along the way.  
And we'll sing our Saviour's love  
With the shining hosts above.  
And with Jesus we'll be happy all  
the day.

That sweet comfort is mine, now the  
favor Divine  
I have got through the blood of the  
Lamb;  
With my heart I believe, and what  
joy I receive,  
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

'Tis a heaven below my Redeemer to  
know;  
The angels can do nothing more  
Than fall at His feet and the story  
repeat.  
And the Lover of sinners adore.

Jesus all the day long is my Sun and  
my Song!  
Oh, that all His salvation might see!  
He doth love me, I cry, He did suffer  
and die,  
All to save such a rebel as me.

#### MARCHING TO GLORY.

Tune.—Shout aloud salvation (B.J. 2).

5 Shout aloud Salvation, boys, we'll  
have another song.  
Sing it with a spirit that will  
start the world along.  
Sing it as our comrades sang it many  
millions strong.  
As they went marching to Glory.

#### Chorus.

March on, march on! we'll bring the  
jubilee!  
Fight on, fight on! salvation makes  
us free!

## FOLLOWING JESUS.



I have a Saviour. One I love so well,  
How He has blessed me, tongue can  
never tell;  
On the Cross He suffered, shed His  
blood and died.  
That I might ever in His love abide.

#### Chorus.

Following Jesus ever, day by day.  
Nothing can harm me while He leads  
the way;  
Sunshine or darkness, what'er befall,  
Jesus, my Saviour, is my All in All.

When I would wander from the path  
astray,  
Then He will draw me back into the  
way;  
In the darkest valley I need fear no  
ill.  
For He, my Saviour, will be with me  
still.

When labor's ended, and my journey  
done,  
Then He will lead me safely to my  
home.  
There I shall dwell in rapture sure  
and sweet,  
And with the loved ones gather  
round His feet.

We'll shout our Saviour's praises over  
every land and sea.  
As we go marching to Glory.

How the anxious shout it when they  
hear the joyful sound,  
How the weakest conquer when the  
Saviour they have found!  
How our great battalions seem to  
spring out of the ground.  
As we go marching to Glory.

Yes, and there are Christians men who  
weep with joyful tears,  
When our Saviour's honor is, as He  
has not been for years,  
And a full salvation drives away their  
doubts and fears.  
As we go marching to Glory.

"Oh, they're helpless nobodies," our  
enemies made boast,  
They forget that with us comes the  
Almighty Holy Ghost.  
And unseen battalions of the glorious  
heavenly host  
As we go marching to Glory.

So we'll make a thoroughfare for  
Jesus and His train,  
All the world shall hear us, as fresh  
converts still we gain;  
Sin shall fly before us, for resistance  
is in vain.  
As we go marching to Glory.

#### SALVATION.

Tune.—There is sweet rest in heaven  
(B.J. 174).

6 Will you just give attention  
And listen now to me!  
This all-important question  
Demands much thought of thee.  
Oh, sinner, heed the warning  
That God has often given.  
To you soon death is coming.  
'Twill then be hell or heaven!

#### Chorus.

To the judgment you must go!  
To the judgment you must go!  
For that day prepare, it will soon be  
here,  
To the judgment you must go!

To die without a Saviour.  
Oh, what a solemn day!  
To die without His favor.  
'Twill be too late to pray.  
To die, sins not forgiven—  
The record of the past—  
You will from God be driven.  
And from His presence cast.

To worlds beyond you're passing,  
Earth-joy will not last long;  
Your death-bell will be tolling,  
And you to judgment gone.  
What there will be the sentence.  
"Depart!" or His "well done!"  
Oh, may it be the welcome  
"Into My Kingdom come!"  
Colonel Hawley.

Tune.—Sinner, see you light (B.J.  
48).

7 Sinner, see you light,  
Shining clear and bright,  
From the cross of Calvary.  
Where the Saviour died,  
And from His side  
Flowed the blood that sets us free.

#### Chorus.

Come away, come away,  
To the Cross for refuge see;  
See the Saviour stands,  
With His bleeding hands,  
Thy ransom He paid on the tree.

In the gloomy shade,  
When He knelt and prayed,  
Oh, what painful agony  
For His brow was wet  
With the bloody sweat,  
When in dark Gethsemane.  
See, the Saviour stands,  
With His wounded hands,  
And He calls aloud to thee.  
"I for thee life gave.  
Thy soul to save.  
Now thy heart, oh, give to Me!"

Come away to Him,  
And confess your sin.  
Come to Him Who died for thee;  
To His feet draw near,  
With heart sincere,  
And from sin He'll set thee free.

